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POLITE
Epistolary Correspondence.
A COLLECTION of
LETTERS,
On the most Instructive and Entertaining
SUBJECTS.

VIZ.

Of Love and Gallantry.	Of Morality.
Of Compliment.	On making a Present.
Satirical.	Of Recommendation.
Of Reproach.	Of Invitation.
Of Reprimand.	Of Congratulation.
Of Consolation and Condolance.	Of Excuse and Apology.
On asking Advice.	To desire Favours.
On giving Advice.	Of Complaint. With Answers to them.

To which are prefix'd,

Two Introductory LETTERS:

SHEWING

The Necessity and Use of such a Collection ;
particularly in the instructing of Youth to
indite Letters well on all Occasions.

The SECOND EDITION.

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*The following LETTERS,
may serve properly enough
for an INTRODUCTION;
as communicated by the Per-
son to whom it was originally
written.*

SIR,



HE Account you gave
me in your last of the
Method you design'd in
the Education of your
Children, put a Thousand Things
into my Head that I never once
thought of before; and I can't but
warmly express my Obligations to
you for being so free in communi-
cating your Sentiments therein, as

A 2

you

you know that I too am studying the future Welfare of my little Family: but you expect it seems no more in return for this rich Present, than my Thoughts upon the same Subjects; which, I wish, for your Sake, were of the Value that you set them at. However, to make them as useful as I can, I will only touch upon those Points which I myself have taken most Pains in. Now the Affair of Letter-writing you know is an old Topic of mine, and is in my Opinion of more Consequence, than People at first apprehend it to be; how few Gentlemen, as you very justly observe, are capable of writing a Letter, with any tolerable Ease to themselves, or Amusement to their Friends: And yet how often might a Talent this Way recommend us to the Favours of the Great, or the Friendship of the Learned? For my own Part, I must confess it to have been my Misfortune in my Youth, never to be put to this Sort of

of Work by my Friends or Acquaintance ; which has made it very awkward to me ever since, tho' I have taken some Pains and all Opportunities of late to improve my Hand. This Slip however in my own Education, has made me more careful as to this Particular in my Son's, whom I charge to write every other Post to me from *Oxford* ; and if nothing material occurs, to tell me in a handsome Manner, that he has nothing to say. Had I been used thus when at his Age, I might now have been capable of giving you my Sentiments on this Subject in their proper Order. I have Variety of Ideas scatter'd about in the Wilderness of a confused Memory ; And for want of being used to communicate them to Others, am utterly at a Loss how to separate or range them in Order ; so you must even take them as they present themselves to my View. Let it suffice that my Sense be just, and my Meaning un-

derstood; for my Notions will always drop from my Pen in the same irregular Manner they are conceiv'd in; and perhaps this may be proper enough for a Letter, which methinks shou'd be careless and unstudied, at least between Friend and Friend. Nay, I believe I may lay it down for a Rule that it ought to be so.

Let the Style of Friends be loose and irregular, let them be bold and unconcern'd in giving their Thoughts their full Scope; their Thoughts themselves shou'd be naked, not dress'd in the borrow'd Ornament of Rhetoric, as being not ashame'd of their native Simplicity. For a Friend will be more pleased with that Part of a Letter which flows from the Heart, than with that which is the Product of the Mind. When I set down to write to you, I collect my Thoughts within my own Bosom, where you are; immediately I absent myself from the Place where I was and all that were about me; then my Heart kindles, my

my Fancy fires, and Friendship like
Magic transports me into your Com-
pany.

An me ludit amabilis insania.

Letters thus writ, are Pictures
of the Heart; he that is truly my
Friend, loves my Heart; and a Picture
of it faithfully drawn with my own
Hand, can't fail of being an acceptable
Present. But how drawn? Shall I
give him (as I said before) only the
rude Outlines, or may I be permitted
to lay on the proper Colourings, and
finish the Piece? Yes, indeed, I think
the Passions themselves may be drest
in Wit, provided it fits easy and na-
tural, and should rather seem expres-
sive of the Thoughts, than put there
for any Beauty of its own. Let Lovers,
who deal much in Raptures, and are
in some Respects a Sort of Friends, take
this as a Caution given them too; for
Men of Fire often betray an insincere
Passion by writing Wit instead of Love,
and rather describing soft Sentiments

than seeming to fell them. But, in good Truth, I am almost given to think that a Lover ought to write what might be called by sober People, Nonsense; at least if it be in earnest, he should take care to avoid Common Sense: But as for Wit, it is quite inconsistent with the Passion, however nearly some great Men may have thought it ally'd to Madness; and therefore a Lady to whom the *Count de Buffy*, had made the Declaration answers him thus.

If any Thing could binder my believ-ing you when you speak of Love, it is your speaking too well upon that Subject; violent Passions are full of Confusion, but you have too much Wit; and write more like a Man who would be thought in Love, than one who really is so.

Now since I have taken upon me to give Law like a Pedant, let me lay it down again for a Rule, that as true Passion alone can instruct us to write like Lovers, so a sincere Friendship only can teach the Hand to Paint the Heart; or, as it were, to take Notice
of

of what passes in it, and oblige the Heart to dictate as sincerely to the Hand. It was no doubt from this Consideration, that a *French Author*, has prettily observ'd the Absence of a Friend to occasion a Melancholy which his Letters alone can relieve.

Let this saying sink into the Hearts of your Children, for it is a Truth which those who profess Friendship ought never to forget.

Thus much for the Letters of Friendship, which being the most pleasing Part of all Epistolary Commerce, I could not help beginning with it, and expatiating more upon it, than I can assure you I at first designed.

And now, to mention something of Litterary Correspondence in general, you will laugh perhaps if I proceed to talk of Rules, who never observed any Method in my Life; and you will think it still more ridiculous, if I should pretend to lay down for a Rule that before a Man takes Pen in Hand,

he should consider what he's going to write about. But, in short, 'tis for want of observing this Golden Maxim, that People are guilty of what I would call a Solecism in Letter-writing ; as if one should entertain a Beau with a Philosophic Epistle, or chuse some Topic in Divinity for a Rake ; like the Absent Man in *Bruyere*, who having the same Night writ both to his Steward and to the Prime Minister, misdirected his Letters ; so that the Great Man is troubled with trifling Family Affairs, and the poor Steward amaz'd with Complements and Politics. And really I think he wou'd act but little wiser who should talk to a Philosopher about Drefs, Ladies, Balls, and the like, at the same Time that he puzzled a Wit with a dry Piece of Metaphysics ; not but there are some Men of an universal Genius, who understand every Mechanic talking in the technical Terms of his own Profession ; but these are like black Swans or Virgins at Twenty.

To

To be sure the right Way in general is, to entertain a Naturalist out of the natural World, and a Courtier out of the Artificial, the Interest of States, Pretensions to Favour and the whole Science of Policy. For we write out of a Complement to our Correspondent, not to please ourselves, as we invite a Friend to dine with Us, not upon Dishes we relish, but such as we know suit his Palate ; and in this the Letter-writer has the Advantage of other Authors, as 'tis easier to hit one Man's Taste whom we know, than the Taste of Thousands whom we know not. But besides this Care with respect to the Nature of the Subject as it concerns our Correspondent, we ought to consider it too as concerning ourselves, which Way our own Genius inclines ; what Part of Philosophy we are most Masters of, when we write to the Philosopher, what Part of Gallantry we are like to shine, or at least to make a tolerable Figure in, when we are to converse with the Beau,

*Quid valeant humeri, quid ferre re-
cuset.*

When the Nature of the Subject is fixed upon, from the Humour, Age or Quality, Profession, or Inclination of our Correspondent. And, when we have added to this, the Consideration of what we ourselves are most capable of, let us observe this too as a Matter of Consequence, that we fix our Eyes upon the brightest Part of the Subject we have chosen, and not bestow Labour in vain upon those Things,

Quæ desperas tractata ni tescere posse.

Which, when we have lavish'd all our Skill upon, and adorn'd with our best Rhetoric, will appear but like Beggars in rich Cloaths.

The Manner in which Friends should write, I have before describ'd, and in writing to a Stranger, tho' most Art be required, yet I am capable of giving the fewest Instructions.

This

This Sort of Letters is to be learn'd chiefly from Men of Busines.

The first Thing I suppose they observe, is their Correspondent's Station in Life, and the necessary Ceremony betwixt them ; but between Equals, the less of this the better. Concise as possible ; which requires Study, and makes it difficult to avoid Affection : Friends correspond for mutual Amusement, and the fuller the Sheet the more obliged we are to the Writer ; but Men of Busines have not such idle Hours ; or if they have, Friends, and not Strangers ought to employ them. Now between these two, there is a third Sort with whom we may converse ; and who ought therefore to be treated with Mixtures of Friend and Stranger, and these are Acquaintance. To them we should write with a greater Air of Familiarity than to the Stranger, and yet with less Freedom and Intimacy than to the Friend, this latter is pleas'd with Reading, what pleas'd us in the Writing ; but

but an Acquaintance may like better what costs us Pains in the Writing. For he requires Wit and Humour, while the Friend contents himself with Nature and Sincerity. And I have often observ'd, that the former expects you even to measure your Wit, and to adapt it to his Capacity ; so, that if he happens to be out of Humour, or his Fancy is not so lively as yours, or else if it be more lively, in either Case your Letter won't go down. So that in short a Trifle, if it hits his Humour, shall please him beyond the most beautiful Thought you could have wish'd for : Besides, it may not always be expedient to write our best, which Envy may make the worst receiv'd; for tho' a Friend may be pleased to see us excel in any Thing, among Acquaintance it often breeds Rivals, and it may be better for us to indulge their Vanity than our own.

I have throughout this Letter, imagined myself talking rather to your Children than to you, as it was for
their

their Benefit I design'd this little Es-
say ; and wish they may reap at least
some Fruits from the Pains I have
taken, which will amply reward One
who makes a great Piece of Merit of
it to himself, when he can be of any
Service to his Friend.

Your Most Humble Servant,

M. D.

S I R,

SINCE my last, I have been
dipping into a *French* Letter-wri-
ter, and because I think they excel us
in this Particular, will endeavour to
amuse you to Day with several Ob-
servations collected from him. But I
foresee, that this Letter will of Course
resemble a *French* Soop, wherein the
curious Cook throws a Scrap of every
Nicety he can meet with, and where
a Number of good Things serve only
to spoil one another. 'Tis true, the

Fa-

Fashion Now-a-days, is, to like a Thing the better for being in Imitation of the *French* Taste; nay, to like it for this Reason alone, tho' it has nothing else to recommend it. But you, I dare say think otherwise, as well as myself, and bode no good to us from this stupid Complaisance for a Nation which may one Day extend its Empire by the Assistance of this apish Folly of ours; and I'm afraid, may take a severer Revenge of us only for stealing some Fashions, and now and then a little Wit, than ever we have taken of the *Spaniards* for &c. But here the Spirit of *Montaigne* forsakes me, and I return to my Purpose. And now suppose your Son highly pleased with some Letter or other that he has met with in *Tully*, *Pliny*, or any other Author of Note, wishes that Heaven had given him the Faculty of writing such Letters so agreeably; who shall teach him this Art? Not his Tutor, for he has it not, as his Letters sufficiently witness. Nor will you undertake it

it yourself, for tho' none writes more elegantly, yet you have often told me that you never learn'd, that you even know not how you do it; that it seems to come by Inspiration, and you often write best when you least expect it. And indeed this seems to me to be really the Case; for Invention as it is no Art, so it is not to be acquired by any Rule, but that of Exercise. By a Course of Reading and Observation with various Reflections on the polite Arts and Sciences, on Nature, and on the Characters of Men, one may arrive at a Habit of thinking justly on any Subject that offers; 'tis this large Reposit of Ideas, compounded, multiplied, and divided in a thousand different Shapes, that furnishes our Imagination with a ready Flow of Thought, and lays the Foundation for any beautiful Superstructure, which our Wit may sketch out. But it so happens, that Wit is not always ready, and indeed she may very well be spared when a Man is sure of Sense; where-

whereas some Folks are apt to think there's no Writing agreeable without fine Flashes and Turns of Wit or lively Strokes of Humour in every Line ; alas, these are not always to be had, at least not in the Place and to the Purpose required ; they are a Sort of Inspiration from Heaven, or the Gifts of Fortune, and seldom in our own Power, for a Wit is but a Man of common Sense taken out of his witty Vein, and might not then be able to please even himself, on the best Subject he could chuse. For Wit depends much on Humour, whereas Knowledge has a real and solid Foundation ; so, that when the Mind is filled with the most agreeable Subjects in Nature and Science ; the Man is sure to please and persuade on all Occasions. I know no better Instance of this than the late Mr. *Addison*, who wrote many a Paper in the *Spectator ex tempore*, and was always happy in writing an agreeable one ; but could be witty only when his

Fancy was in the Humour. *Farquhar*, and *Tom Brown*, in the Letters of theirs extant, seem resolved always to be witty, by which Means they were ridiculously affected, and frequently so very low, as to make one giddy in stooping to understand them: As this Metaphor may probably affect you, unless the Ridicule be strong enough to purge it off in two or three loose Fits of Laughter. But it may be said of the little Conceits and Jingles of Wit, those *Gothic* Ornaments in Writing, that like other glaring Beauties they please most at a Distance, while their dazzling prevents us from too near an Enquiry; whereas the solid Graces of real Knowledge are like fine Features under a Veil, the nearer we approach, and the more we examine them, the more they please: And hence it comes, that the more we know of them, the more we desire to know, & *decies repetita placebunt*. As Wit has many Partisans, almost as many as Folly, and

and almost as little to do with good Writing, to oppose so formidable a Body, I will call in the celebrated *Boileau* to vouch for me in Favour of common Sense ; he somewhere lays it down for a Maxim, that no Thought can be beautiful, but as it is just : We have all of us various confus'd Perceptions of various Truths, which discover themselves imperfectly to us by a glimmering Light ; and but few are able to see them entire, much less to reduce them to Order, or communicate them in proper Language ; so that when a Man of Sense expresses himself well, he sets our Ideas in Order by the Force of his Words, and what we saw before, as through a Mist, is clear'd up to us in the Light of a beautiful Discourse. So that Speaking or Writing well, is Truth in a proper Dress, or just Thoughts happily express'd ; but Wit is false, Thought happily confus'd, or Nothing dress'd up like Something. And here I appeal to every Man that has ever been

at

at a Loss for an Expression, if at last when he hit upon one to his Fancy, it did not seem to be the most natural, the most suited to his Idea, and such as ought to have occurr'd the most readily to him; so that, upon reading over, I have often wonder'd at the Difficulty, and hardly perceiv'd the Study and Pains it cost me. Now, whenever this happens, the Style is easy and clear, and needs no second Reading to find out the Meaning; but Wit dazzles the Understanding at first Sight, and upon a nearer View, quite darkens and confounds it (I speak here of what passes for Wit; for real Wit, if there be such, must differ as much from False, as Learning from Pedantry.) A clear and easy Style is more requir'd in Letters than in any other Sort of Writing: In those call'd familiar, the very Term implies as much; and in those one writes to a Stranger, 'twould be impertinent to be showing our Rhetoric, especially in Affairs of Business.

Our

Our Language should be so natural, that our Thoughts may seem to have been conceiv'd in the very Words we express them in; and our Sentiments to have sprung up naturally like the Lilies of the Field, in greater Beauty than the Pride of human Invention could have array'd them in. 'Tis in Letters as in Dress, when a Man is dress'd if he be not compleat, 'tis disagreeable; in a Dishabille every Thing is agreeable: He that aims at a grand Style, must keep up to the Dignity of it; he that writes in an easy and unaffected Language, seems to drop some Elegancies now and then from his Pen, as it were through Negligence. But still the old Observation must be kept in Mind, that there is much Difference betwixt easy Writing, and Writing easily; and the more Pains the Author is at, the less the Reader has Occasion to take; for though we should avoid all Appearance of Art, yet we ought to use all that we are Masters of, and

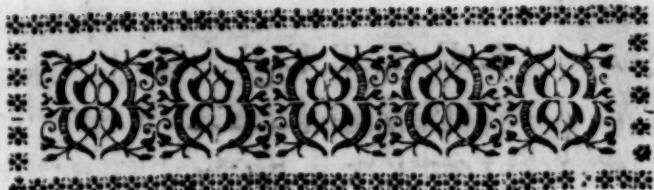
and be cautious so to conceal it, that our Readers may receive a Pleasure as it were by Enchantment, without knowing whence it comes. Therefore I have often thought it much easier to write a Letter off hand than studied; I mean, a moderate Genius may succeed better in that than in this; for 'tis only Men of the soundest Learning that improve a Piece by retouching: Wits of a lower Clas may always find their first Thoughts best, which is the Reason they can easier make a new Piece than mend an old one.

Your eldest Son, who is now capable of reading the Epistles of the politer *Roman Authors*, will no doubt think himself capable of drawing Rules from them without my Assistance; and I wish he would take the Pains now and then to imitate any Letter that pleases him: But with this Caution only, that whether he chuses for his Pattern *Greek*, *Latin*, *French* or *English*, he should copy the Manner,

ner, and not the Thought, he should learn the Art and Address of his Master, without meddling with his Inventions ; for these are peculiar, tho' the Art be general. Let him consider besides, that if in Writing to a Friend, he should steal from some noted Author, the Theft would discover itself. And as to the meaner Authors,

— *Tutum carpit inanis Iter.*

L E T-



LETTERS O F LOVE and GALLANTRY.

LETTER I.

To Madam —

Affurance of Love.

MADAM,

THERE is now no Minute of my Life that does not afford me some new Argument how much I love you; the little Joy I take in every thing wherein you are not concern'd; the pleasing Perplexity of endless Thought which I fall into, wherever you are brought to my Remembrance; and lastly, the continual Disquiet I am in, during your Absence, convince me sufficiently, that I do you Justice in loving you, so as Woman was never loved before.

B

LETTER

LETTER II.

To Madam —

On the same Subject.

MADAM,

NOTHING can ever be so dear to me as you are ; and I am so convinced of this, that I dare undertake to love you whilst I live ; believe all I say, for that is the kindest thing imaginable, and when you can devise any way that may make me appear so to you, instruct me in it, for I need a better Understanding than my own, to shew my Love without wrong to it.

LETTER III.

To Mademoiselle —

Declaration of Love.

MADAM,

Hurry'd away from you, in order to be more with you than I could be where I then was ; for Madam — observed me in such a particular Manner, that I durst not so much as look at you : Nay, as she has a great deal of Discernment, I was afraid that very Affectation would betray me ; for to be with you, and not to gaze on you is so known an Impossibility, that a contrary Behaviour might well

well be suspected of Design. However, tho' I am absent from you, I have at least no Witness of my Passion, and the Pleasure of telling it to you only. How happy should I be, could I persuade you of its real Violence, and that you are certainly the most unjust Person in the World, if its Sincerity goes unrewarded.

LETTER IV.

To Monsieur —

She is sorry she was not at home.

SIR,

I Am very sorry I was not at home to receive your Visit yesterday; it was unlucky to lose the first Testimony of your Friendship, and if you have a little Love for me, I do not question but it gives you some Uneasiness. I shall be very glad of an Opportunity to excuse myself to you, nor can it be so soon as I desire.

LETTER V.

To Monsieur —

In an Answer to a Letter wherein he had commended her Writing.

SIR,

EVER since the Compliment you was pleased to pass upon my Writing, I have not been able to write at all: I have been studying this

Quarter of an Hour what to say, and the more I endeavour to merit your Praife, the leſs I find I deserve it.—What I ſaid laſt was ſprightly enough however, and I would go on, was not I to acquaint you that my intended Journey is dropp'd; don't think yourſelf obliged to me, for it was pure Accident. If this gives you any Satisfaction, I ſhall be glad. Write or come.

LETTER VI.

To Monsieur —

She is going into the Country.

TO-morrow I ſet out for the Country, and with no Regret I affure you, but that of leaving you. The Person I am going to, will be no Consolation to me; and therefore if I receive any Satisfaction in my Journey, it will be entirely owing to your Fidelity. Adieu, think of me, or for ever forget what I promised you.

LETTER VII.

By the Chevalier d'Her,

To Mademoiselle —

He'll oblige her to love him.

MADAM,

YOU are pleased to be mightily offended with my Declaration, but will you venture a Wager, that you don't love me at the long

long Run ? Yes, you will certainly fall in love with me ; I know what I say, and what I think : Don't have so good an Opinion, I beseech you, of your Indifference ; was it four Times as much, I have Constancy enough to overcome it ; nothing is difficult to me in the Pursuit of such Charms as yours. Will it employ me whole Years ? well and good, I have no Business that is half so dear to me. You will shew me no Favour at all ; why there I will come up with you, for I will do it upon your very Cruelty. The Favours you shew me shall be only slight ones ; to me they will appear inestimable. You will oppose me with Rivals ; the meer Despair of equalling my Services, shall make them desert you. In short, chuse which Side you will, I'll tire out your Indifference ; and thus, after a great deal of Time, opprest with Love, Tenderness and Respect, you won't know which Way to turn, but will be forced to love me.

LETTER VIII.

To *Diana.*

MADAM,

If you are as sensible of the Uneasiness of not seeing what you love, as I am ; if you suffer during this Absence any thing like what I endure ; what Considerations, charming *Diana*, could prevail upon you, to be two Days without seeing me ? Why don't we rather ha-

zard the other Extremity, than this which our Misfortune reduces us to ? Is it reasonable to hinder four or five People from prating and observing our Satisfaction, we should sacrifice it, and to prevent a little Noise, endure so much Misery ? No, no, my dear DIANA, the greatest Misfortune that can befall us, is to be seperated from one another ; I know nothing that we ought so much to fear ; don't think that our Love is a Whit the more private, for the Pains we take to conceal it ; the Dejection which is visible in my Countenance, speaks plainer than any Body can do. Let us then lay aside a Discretion which costs us so dear, and give me, after Dinner, an Opportunity of seeing you, if you would have me live.

LETTER IX.

By the Chevalier D'Her,
 To Mademoiselle de C——

*Upon sending her an Extract of the Church-
 Register.*

MADAM,

I Can without Vanity boast, that I make you to Day a very considerable Present ; in short, I give you two whole Years ; you thought you were twenty two Years old, and I bring it you attested in a Paper under Hand and Seal, that you are but twenty ; now I reckon that I give you

you these Years which I take away from you, and indeed in those Matters we never reckon otherwise. The two Years you thought had past over your Head, are still to come, and I do myself the Honour to make you a Present of them. I am ready to die for Fear, Madam, that you will not value them as they deserve; but good Heavens! the Man that were able to make such a Present, to certain Ladies, that shall be nameless; what Favours might he not expect from their Hands? Where is the white and the red, and where are the fine Dresses and Compliments, that can be put into the Balance with two compleat Years? It is but reasonable, Madam, I think, that you should employ them wholly upon me, since you are indebted to me for 'em. When they are gone and past, you may do what you please, I shall then pretend to have no Manner of Right over you, but with Submission, Madam, from the present Moment till you are compleatly twenty-two, you wholly belong to me. After that, I leave you just as I found you, at Liberty to break off, or continue the Commerce, according as you see convenient; but if I find you not at all inclined to do me Justice, know, Madam, that I will suffer no one to love you, upon the foot of twenty Years. Wherever I go I will tell the Company, that in Truth you had not been so old by two Years if you had not been so minded, but that you refused to accept 'em from me, and that since you don't love me, it is but requisite you reckon yourself

to be Twenty-two Years old. You little imagine perhaps, to what strange Hazards you expose yourself, by making me Master of the Secret of your Age; for it is a Secret, Madam, which those of your Sex keep inviolably to themselves, and perhaps the only one a Woman can keep. Several Ladies have trusted me with the Affairs of their Families; nay even with their Love; but I could never yet meet with one so open-hearted to trust me with her Age. There are a thousand Women that will run up to the Mouth of a Cannon, that will hang or drown with as much Clearfulness, as if they went to a Gossiping, that will make you nothing to jump down four Stories; but, I never found a Woman, that had Courage and Resolution enough to tell her Age. The Truth on't is, the older they are, the more sensible they become of what Importance it is, that they had not lived so many Years. As for you, Madam, who have not play'd your Cards so cautiously as you should have done, you don't know how you will tremble one Day lest I should tell any Tales of you. Your Destiny will depend upon me, and there is nothing I cannot force you to comply with, if instead of a Poniard I send you the Extract of the Church-Register. I dare engage that you laugh at my Menaces at present, and that you think the Time is so far off, that you don't believe I shall ever live to see it. I am afraid indeed you will prove a Prophetess, for unless you are less rigorous, you will soon dispatch

Your most obedient, &c. . . . L E T-

LETTER X.

By the same.

To Madam de V—

Just recover'd of the Small-pox, who was preserved from being marked, by a Remedy prescribed by the Author.

YOUR Looking-Glass, Madam, at last confirms to you the Truth of my Prediction, and you have the Pleasure to see that you have escaped without the least Mark of your Distemper. Be pleased to take Notice now, that you are my Debtor for the finest Complexion in the World ; that the Lillies and Roses, of which it is composed, belong to me. It is I have preserved these Flowers, have nursed them, and is it reasonable another should gather them ? Nay, for ought I know, you are indebted to me for your Eyes too ; and what Eyes yours are, all our Hearts are but too sensible. And then for your Nose, it is certain you may thank me it is not swelled out of its Proportion, and that is the same Thing as if you ow'd it me entirely. Let it not offend you, Madam, that I present you with so exact a Bill of what you owe me. You are not of a Generosity that can excuse me from this Exactness ; and though your whole Person is at present engaged to me, I know not whether I shall reap any Advantage from my lawful Pretension ; I be-

seech you, do not tell me, that it is but your Face, at most, which is obliged to me, and that the rest was in no Danger of being spoilt by the Small-pox. The Face ! why that is every Thing, Madam ; it is the Face makes a Person handsome ; it is that gives Security for the rest which is unseen, and its Beauty too is diffused to every Part which is seen ; for methinks a fine Hand is not handsome if it don't belong to a fine Face, so that whoever has a right to the Face, has a right to all ; and yet, if my Pretensions were limited to that, or should be reduced within those Bounds, I must have Patience ; but then as the Face is proper for a World of Things, I swear I will not abate you one Office it is capable of. Don't my Threatnings fright you, Madam, and make you wish rather to have had the Small-pox in all its Extremity ? Then you had brought off, at least, a Face which had been indebted to nobody. But be not concerned ; for I shall do my utmost to treat you in such a Manner, that you may have no Regret for its not having been spoiled.

I had like to have been so generous as to have forgot one of the most considerable Articles in which you are my Debtor, so that I can only place it here by Way of Postscript. I foresee dreadful Persecutions coming upon me ; I shall be exposed to the Hatred of all the handsome Ladies, who know that my Receipt preserv'd you from being mark'd. They had built mighty Hopes on your Dilemper ; they pretended that after this there would

would be nothing divine in your Beauty, and that your Face, as well as theirs, would only be that of a pretty Mortal ; for this is the worst you were capable of being reduced to. So that, look you, Madam, the Moment you appear, I must hide my Head, since 'tis certain all the Women will be upon me, as if I had disfigur'd them, and I should not have been in a worse Condition, if I had been a very pretty Girl. What do you think of it, Madam ? Ought not you to make me Satisfaction for the Resentment I must suffer from your whole Sex on your Account.

LETTER XI.

By Mons. de St. Evremond.

To Madam —

MADAM,

AS nothing is so honourable as an ancient Friendship, so nothing is so scandalous as an old Paffion. Undeceive yourself, Madam, of the false Merit of being faithful ; and take it for a certain Truth, that nothing is so injurious to the Reputation of a Beauty as Constancy. Who knows whether you resolved to love but one Person, or whether you could get but one Lover ? You fondly imagine that you practise a Virtue, while you make us suspect that you have many Defects.

But consider how many Disquiets attend this wretched Virtue ; and what a vast Difference

rence there is between the Disgusts of an old Engagement, and the Endearments of a growing Passion ! In a new Amour you will find Delights in every Hour of the Day ; 'tis an inexpressible Pleasure to find that Love grows upon us every Minute ; but in a Passion of an old standing, our Time lingers very uneasily, in still loving less. We may converse well enough with Persons that are indifferent to us, either out of Decency and good Manners, or thro' a necessary Obligation ; but how can we pass our Lives with those we have loved, when we love them no longer ?

I have only four Words more to say to you, and I desire you to make some Reflections upon them : If you like what's disagreeable, it argues an ill Taste ; if you have not the Resolutions to quit what displeases you, 'tis a downright Weakness. But do what you will, you'll be easily justified with me : For there's no Foible but I will forgive in you, without pretending to any great Indulgence.

*When the fair Sex transgress the Laws,
They need no Advocate ;
Nature alone best pleads their Cause,
And justifies the Fault.*

LETTER XII.

By the same.

To Madam —

I Remember, Madam, that when I went to the Army, I begg'd that the Chevalier *de Grammont* might succeed me in your Favour,

your, in Case I should be so unfortunate as to meet my Death there ; in which Particular you have so well obeyed, that you love him whilst I am alive, to learn to do it better after my Death. You are very punctual in obeying my Orders ; and should I continue to give you the same Commission, in all appearance, you would see it carefully executed.

You may imagine, Madam, that I design to hide a real Grief under a pretended Banter ; and being so well acquainted with my Passion, you cannot easily persuade yourself, that I can suffer a Rival without Jealousy. But perhaps you don't know, Madam, that if I dare not complain of you, because I love you too much ; I dare not complain of him, because I love him little less ; and if I must of Necessity be angry, tell me whom I am to be most angry with ; either with him who goes to rob me of my Mistress, or you who steal my Friend from me.

Let the Matter be how it will, you need not give yourself much Trouble to appease my Indignation. My Passion is too violent to indulge my Resentment in the least ; and my Tenderness will always make me forget the Injuries I have received from you. I love you, tho' perfidious ; I love him, tho' treacherous ; and only fear, that a sincere Friend is no Favourite of either of you. Farewel. Let us enter, I beseech you, into a new unknown Sort of Confederacy ; and by a strange Mystery, let his, let your, and my Friendship, be only one and the same Thing.

L E T -

LETTER XIII.

*By the same.*To the Duchess of *Mazarin.*

I Have resolved, Madam, to give you a Piece of Advice, tho' I am not unsensible how little the Ladies care to receive any. But let the Effect be what it will, I am too much concerned for your Beauty, not to inform you, that you'll injure it extremely if you should put on fine Clothes on the Queen's Birth-day. Let others of your Sex make use of Ornaments; these are artificial Beauties that serve them instead of the natural; and we are obliged to 'em for gratifying our Eyes with something more agreeable than their own Persons. But should you follow their Example, we should not have the same Obligation to your Grace. Every Ornament that is bestow'd upon you, hides a Charm; as every Ornament that is taken from you, restores you some new Grace, and you are never so lovely, as when we behold nothing in you but yourself.

The greatest Part of the Ladies are very advantageously lost under their Dress. Some Women look well enough with a Pearl Necklace, that would make a very sorry Figure with their bare Necks. The richest Necklace in the World would have an ill Effect upon you, it would make some Alteration in your Person; and every Alteration that happens

pens to a perfect Beauty, cannot be an Advantage to it. Those who keep your Jewels from you, are better Friends to your Beauty than you may imagine. Were you in the Condition you ought to be in, it would not be so easy to distinguish the Advantages of your personal Merit from those of your Fortune: but Thanks to them who have taken Care to separate those two Things! We plainly see you are obliged to none but yourself for all the tender Sentiments Men have for you. Let others lay out all they are worth in Jewels and fine Cloaths; Nature has been at all the Expence: and as you would be ungrateful, so we should betray an ill Taste, should we not be equally content with that Profusion of Gifts she has heap'd upon you.

I would counsel you, Madam, to take the same Measures on her Majesty's Birth-Day, which the famous *Buffi D'Amboise* formerly observ'd at a Tournament. Being informed beforehand that all the Noblemen of the Court design'd to put themselves to an extraordinary Expence in their Equipage and Clothes, he order'd his Retinue to be dress'd like Lords, and appear'd himself in the plainest Dress in the World, at the Head of so rich a Train. The Advantages of Nature were so conspicuous in the Person of *Buffi*, that he alone was taken for a great Lord, and the other Noblemen, who relied so much upon the Magnificence of their Habits, pass'd but for Valets. Govern yourself, I beseech you, Madam, by the Example of *Buffi*: Let *Fanchon* and *Grenier*, be
at-

attired like Duchesses ; but as for yourself, appear in the ordinary Dress of a Country Nymph, with nothing but the Charms of your Beauty to recommend you ; all the Ladies will be taken for *Fanchons*, and the Plainness of your Habit will not hinder you from out-shining all the Queens in the Universe.

LETTER XIV.

To *Chloe*.

MADAM,

SINCE my waking Thoughts have never been able to influence you in my Favour, I am resolv'd to try whether my Dreams can make any Impression on you. To this End, I shall give you an Account of a very odd one which my Fancy presented to me last Night, within a few Hours after I left you.

Methought I was unaccountably conveyed into the most delicious Place mine Eyes ever beheld, it was a large Valley divided by a River of the purest Water I had ever seen. The Ground on each Side of it rose by an easy Ascent, and was covered with Flowers of an infinite Variety, which as they were reflected in the Water, doubled the Beauties of the Place, or rather form'd an imaginary Scene more beautiful than the real. On each Side of the River was a Range of lofty Trees, whose Boughs were loaden with almost as many Birds as Leaves. Every Tree was full of Harmony.

I had not gone far in this pleasant Valley, when

when I perceived that it was terminated by a most magnificent Temple. The Structure was ancient and regular. On the Top of it was figured the God *Saturn*, in the same Shape and Dress that the Poets usually represent *Time*.

As I was advancing to satisfy my Curiosity by a nearer View, I was stopped by an Object far more beautiful than any I had before discovered in the whole Place. I fancy, Madam, you will easily guess that this could hardly be any thing but yourself; in Reality it was so: You lay extended on the Flowers by the Side of the River, so that your Hands which were thrown in a negligent Posture, almost touched the Water. Your Eyes were closed; but if your Sleep deprived me of the Satisfaction of seeing them, it left me at Leisure to contemplate several other Charms, which disappear when your Eyes are open. I could not but admire the Tranquility you slept in, especially when I consider'd the Uneasiness you produce in so many others.

While I was wholly taken up in these Reflections, the Doors of the Temple flew open, with a very great Noise, and lifting up my Eyes, I saw two Figures, in human Shape, coming into the Valley. Upon a nearer Survey, I found them to be *Youth* and *Love*. The first was incircled with a kind of purple Light, that spread a Glory over all the Place; the other held a flaming Torch in his Hand. I could observe, that all the Way as they came towards us, the Colours of the Flowers appeared more lively, the Trees shot out in Blossoms, the Birds
threw

threw themselves into Pairs, and serenaded them as they passed: The whole Face of Nature glow'd with new Beauties. They were no sooner arrived at the Place where you lay, when they seated themselves on each Side of you. On their approach, methought I saw a new Bloom arise in your Face, and new Charms diffuse themselves over your whole Person. You appeared more than mortal; but to my great Surprise, continued fast asleep, tho' the two Deities made several gentle Efforts to awaken you.

After a short time, *Youth* (displaying a Pair of Wings, which I had not before taken Notice of) flew off. *Love* still remained, and holding the Torch which he had in his Hand before your Face, you still appeared as beautiful as ever. The glaring of the Light in your Eyes at length awakened you; when, to my great Surprise, instead of acknowledging the Favour of the Deity, you frown'd upon him, and struck the Torch out of his Hand into the River. The God after having regarded you with a Look that spoke at once his Pity and Displeasure, flew away. Immediately a kind of Gloom overspread the whole Place. At the same time, I saw an hideous Spectre enter at one End of the Valley. His Eyes were sunk into his Head, his Face was pale and wither'd, and his Skin pucker'd up in Wrinkles. As he walked on the Sides of the Bank, the River froze, the Flowers faded, the Trees shed their Blossoms, the Birds dropped from off the Boughs, and fell dead at his Feet. By these Marks

Marks I knew him to be *Old Age*. You were seiz'd with the utmost Horror and Amazement at his Approach. You endeavoured to have fled, but the Phantom caught you in his Arms. You may easily guess at the Change you suffer'd in this Embrace. For my own Part, tho' I am still too full of the dreadful Idea, I will not shock you with a Description of it. I was so startled at the Sight, that my Sleep immediately left me, and I found myself awake, at Leisure to consider of a Dream which seems too extraordinary to be without a Meaning. I am, Madam, with the greatest Passion,

Your most obedient

Most humble Servant,

LETTER XV.

By M. de St. Evremond.

To the Duchess of *Mazarin*.

THREE Words of your Letter, are worth three Volumes: *I never was in better Health, I never was handsomer in all my Life.* What you say, as to your Health ravishes me, but I am not surprized with what you say as to your Beauty, 'tis what we knew before. 'Tis true, the Air with which you speak it, has an Agreeableness above what I can express. I was so affected with it, that I could not forbear telling it to my Lord *Sunderland*, and my Lord *Mulgrave*, who was with him. Never, said they, was Confidence so noble,

so

so just, and so well grounded. My Lord *Sunderland* added, that all the Sayings of the Antients and Moderns, could not come up to it.

LETTER XVI.

By the same.

To the same.

THE Pleasure of seeing you, is the greatest that one can desire ; that of waiting for you, is not small, and this last I tasted for eight Hours together at St. James's. I go away, in order to execute the Commissions which you do me the Honour to give me. I shall not fail to be with you at the Hour appointed ; it is too much my Concern not to fail.

LETTER XVII.

By Cofar.

To Mademoiselle — —

GIVE me back my Word, Madam, I beseech you ; I made you a foolish Promise the other Day, that I would only entertain for you one of those prudent Friendships which are attended with no Uneasiness ; but I find it impossible to be so good as my Word, and made a wrong Estimate both of your Force and my own. All my Endeavours to the contrary have not been able to defend me against the

the Disquiets which accompany a violent Affection. 'Tis now three Days that I have struggled with myself upon this Account, and all to make my Defeat the more certain. Forgive me, Madam, if I have no Power to perform the Promise I made you, in every Thing else you shall find me as good as my Word. Mean time permit me to tell you, that if I deceive you now, you first deceived me ; for notwithstanding you always appeared to me one of the most charming Persons in the World, yet I never imagined you could have been thus formidable to a Heart so little inclined to Servitude, and so rebellious by Nature as mine.

LETTER XVIII.

By the Count de Buffi.

To Madam —

A Declaration of Love.

MADAM,

IT is an insupportable Misfortune that all Declarations of Love should be alike, and yet the Passion itself so very different. The Love I bear you is infinitely above the common Strain, and yet I can find no other Terms to disclose it than those which you are every Day accustomed to. Therefore, I intreat you, pay no Regard to my Words, for they are weak and may be faithless ; but turn your Attention, if you please, to my Behaviour, and if

if that convinces you of a sincere and lasting Paffion, I hope you will at length condescend to do me Justice, and believe that since I can love with so much Violence where I have no Encouragement, nothing will transcend my Paffion when you please to make Gratitude its Motive.

LETTER XIX.

To Monfieur —

In Answer to the foregoing.

SIR,

IF any Thing is a Hindrance to my believing you, when you speak of Love, it is your speaking too well upon that Subject; violent Paffions are full of Confusion; but you have too much Wit, and write more like a Man who would be thought in Love, than one who is really so; and since it appears thus to me, who would fain flatter myself that you are in Earnest, what would be the Opinion of those to whom your Paffion would be more indifferent? They would conclude you had a Mind to be merry; but as I am an Enemy to rash Judgments, I accept the Offer you propose, and will leave your Behaviour to determine what Sentiments you have for me.

LET-

LETTER XX.

By the Count de Bussy.

To Madam ——

MADAM,

SINCE you consent to see me, notwithstanding it is impossible for me, either to see or write to you, without telling you I love you, I flatter myself that this Letter will meet with no unfavourable Reception: Nevertheless I tremble for the Event, and as Love has always something to fear, am apprehensive, lest you may have changed your Mind. —— Ease me therefore, I entreat you, of this cruel Uncertainty! If you knew with what Ardour I desire it, and with what Transport I shall receive whatever comes from your Hand, you would not think me unworthy the Favour.

LETTER XXI.

To Monsieur ——

In Answer to the Foregoing.

SIR,

WHY should I change my Mind? Indeed you are too pressing! Rest satisfied with the Knowledge of your own Power, nor desire a farther Triumph over the Weakness of another.

LET-

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LETTER XXII.

To Monsieur —

She assures him of the Continuance of her Affection.

SIR,

WHAT shall I say? I love you more tenderly than ever, nor can Absence alter a Heart which shall always be yours, notwithstanding the Endeavours used to rob you of it. The only Recompence I desire for so perfect an Affection, is, that you will sometimes remember the Misfortunes which you innocently occasion me: Did you know what I suffer, you would pity a Person who is only unhappy, because she loves you. Adieu, my dearest Lover, was it possible I could die with Grief, sure that fatal Word would be my last! O Heaven! are these the Pleasures I expected from my Journey? All my Nights are spent in Tears, and nothing can equal my Affliction; for even the wretched Liberty of Weeping is deny'd me. What Pain attends a faithful Passion! Adieu once more, my dearest Love, and believe that no Words can express, how much I am, and ever will be

Yours, &c.

LET.

LETTER XXIII.

To Monsieur —

She is inconsolable for his Absence.

OH ! that you could see all the Tenderness in my Heart, the Pangs of your Absence occasions it ! You would then abandon every Thing to come, and wipe off my Tears ; how long will you leave them to flow ? Have I still an Age of Absence to bewail ? Tell me Cruel, tell me my Misfortune ! for you have flattered me too much already. Alas ! how easily was I persuaded that our Separation would be of short Continuance ; yet surely had I known how long it was to endure, I should have expired before your Eyes, nor ever survived our last Adieu. I should then have been happy in escaping the Torments I have suffered for three tedious Months, and which I must still suffer till your Return ; but what aggravates my Affliction, yours is not equally sincere : No, you feel not half the Pain which Absence occasions me. It was you that left me, nor consider'd as the greatest of Misfortunes, what you knew would give my Heart such terrible Alarms. O ungrateful ! have I not been able then to inspire thee with a Passion worthy my own ? And am I only lov'd with Indifference, where I love with so much Violence ? But pardon me, my dearest Lover, if I take a Pleasure in tormenting myself since thy Departure. Thou shalt hear no more Reproaches ; they

are superfluous in our present Unhappiness. I forget what is past, and since our Separation is without Remedy, think at least how to make it serviceable to your Fortune, and I will think of nothing but the Pleasure of your Return. O ! that my Wishes could hasten it ! I should then this Moment see you, and tell you all the tender Things I have to say to you ; for methinks I never yet discovered half my Fondness, and would willingly repair the Neglect. But why do I encrease my Misery with the Image of so perfect and yet so distant a Happiness ? Adieu, inhuman Lover ! nor forget amidst the Hurry of thy Affairs, that thou art the most beloved of Men.

LETTER XXIV.

To Mademoiselle —

SINCE your perfidious Change, every one would persuade me that I ought to think no more of you ; but don't flatter yourself, Madam, that I contemn you enough to forget you. No, I had rather a thousand times credit you by my Rage, than leave you at Rest by my Forgetfulness ; and therefore am resolved the whole World shall know how many Nights I have sighed at your Feet, and how happy I once thought myself. Revenge yourself as you please ; order me to be assasinated, I don't care, for Life is a Burthen to me. Don't think this Despair the Effect of Jealousy,

lousy, since I protest an Empire should not bribe me to be a second time the Slave of so much Falshood. You once declared yourself as happy in my Love, as I thought you deserving of it. O Heaven ! is it possible such Beauty and Infidelity can be consistent ! Yes, Madam, you are going to be marry'd, you are going to make my Rival the most envy'd of Men, but not while I am alive ; no, I swear my Revenge shall make you as wretched as your Aversion has made me miserable. But is this the Language I use to you ? Has your Injustice then made me forget your former Bounty ? Alas, I am but too much hated already ! Fear nothing, Madam, fear nothing, for I will sooner die than occasion you the least Uneasiness, and am

*Your most passionate
And obedient Servant.*

LETTER XXV.

To Monsieur —

She blames his Jealousy.

SIR,

ON what is your Jealousy founded ? on the Account I gave you of my pretended Admirer ? Sure this Exactness in acquainting you with every Trifle that passes, ought to convince you of my Fidelity. Can you charge me with any secret Sentiments in his Favour ?

With none, for had I any, they could never escape the Observation of a Heart so practised in Love as mine. How unworthy are your Suspicions! had you a just Idea of my Love, and what I endure for your Sake, you would wish for mine that I loved you less tenderly; but you are capable of no such generous Sentiment, and have the Assurance to compare your Sufferings with mine. To love better than you is an Advantage, which, one would think, you should make no Difficulty in yielding me. Alas! how dear have I bought it, and how many Pangs it cost me.

LETTER XXVI.

To Mrs. —

MADAM,

IF my Vigilance and ten thousand Wishes for your Welfare and Repose could have any Force, you last Night slept in Security, and had every good Angel in your Attendance. To have my Thoughts ever fixed on you, to live in constant Fear of every Accident to which human Life is liable, and to send up my hourly Prayers, to avert 'em from you; I say, Madam, thus to think, and thus to suffer, is what I do for her who is in Pain at my Approach, and calls all my tender Sorrow Impertinence. You are now before my Eyes; my Eyes that are ready to flow with Tenderness, but cannot give Relief to my gushing Heart, that dictates what I am now saying, and

and yearns to tell you all its Achings. How art thou, oh my Soul, stolen from thyself ! How is all thy Attention broken ! my Books are blank Paper, and my Friends Intruders ! I have no Hope of Quiet but from your Pity. To grant it, would make more for your Triumph ; to give Pain is the Tyranny ; to make happy the true Empire of Beauty. If you would consider aright, you'd find an agreeable Change in dismissing the Attendance of a Slave, to receive the Complaisance of a Companion. I bear the former in Hopes of the latter Condition. As I live in Chains without murmuring at the Power which inflicts them, so I could enjoy Freedom without forgetting the Mercy that gave it. Madam, I am

*Your most devoted,
Most obedient Servant.*

LETTER XXVII.

To the same.

MADAM,

BEFORE the Light this Morning dawning upon the Earth I awaked, and lay in Expectation of its Return, not that it could give new Sense of Joy to me, but as I hoped it would bless you with its cheerful Face, after the Repose which I wish'd you last Night. If my Prayers are heard, the Day appeared with all the Influence of a merciful Creator upon your Person and Action. Let others, my lovely Charmer, talk of a blind Being that disposes

their Hearts, I contemn their low Images of Love. I have not a Thought which relates to you, that I cannot with Confidence beseech the All-seeing Power to bless me in. May he direct you in all your Steps, and reward your Innocence, your Sanctity of Manners, your prudent Youth and becoming Piety, with the Continuance of his Grace, and Protection. This is an unusual Language to Ladies ; but you have a Mind elevated above the giddy Notions of a Sex insnared by Flattery, and misled by a false and short Adoration into a solid and long Contempt. Beauty, my fairest Creature, palls in the Possession, but I love also your Mind ; your Soul is as dear to me as my own ; and if the Advantages of a liberal Education, some Knowledge, and as much Contempt of the World, joined with the Endeavours towards a Life of strict Virtue and Religion, can qualify me to raise new Ideas in a Breast so well disposed as yours is, our Days will pass away with Joy, and old Age, instead of producing melancholy Prospects of Decay, give us Hope of eternal Youth in a better Life. I have but few Minutes from the Duty of my Employment to write in, and without Time to read over what I have writ, therefore beseech you to pardon the first Hints of my Mind, which I have expressed in so little Order. I am,

*Dearest Creature, your most obedient,
most devoted Servant.*

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[31]

LETTER XXVIII.

To the same.

After the Day of Marriage was fix'd.

MADAM,

IT is the hardest Thing in the World to be in Love, and yet attend Busines. As for me, all that speak to me find me out, and I must lock myself up, or other People will do it for me. A Gentleman ask'd me this Morning what News from *Holland*, and I answer'd, she's exquisitely handsome. Another desired to know when I had been last at *Windfor*, I reply'd, she designs to go with me. Prithee allow me at least to kiss your Hand before the appointed Day, that my Mind may be in some Composure. Methinks I could write a Volume to you; but all the Language on Earth woud fail in saying how much, and with what disinterested Passion,

I am ever Yours, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

To the same.

DEAR CREATURE,

NEXT to the Influence of Heaven, I am to thank you that I see the returning Day with Pleasure; to pass my Evenings in so sweet a Conversation, and have the Esteem of a Woman of your Merit, has in it a Particularity of Happiness, no more to be express'd than re-

turn'd ; but I am, my lovely Creature, contented to be on the obliged Side, and to employ all my Days in new Endeavours to convince you and all the World of the Sense I have of your Condescension in choosing,

MADAM,

Your most faithful

Most obedient humble Servant.

LETTER XXX.

To the same.

Writ after Marriage.

MADAM,

I Beg Pardon that my Paper is not finer, but I am forced to write from a Coffee-house, where I am attending about Business. There is a dirty Crowd of busy Faces all around me talking of Money, while all my Ambition, all my Wealth is Love. Love which animates my Heart, sweetens my Humour, enlarges my Soul, and affects every Action of my Life. It is to my lovely Charmer I owe, that many noble Ideas are continually affix'd to my Words and Actions. It is the natural Effect of that generous Passion to create in the Admirers some Similitude of the Object admired ; thus, my Dear, am I every Day to improve from so sweet a Companion. Look up, my fair one, to that Heaven which made thee such, and join with me to implore its Influence on our tender innocent Hours, and be-

beseech the Author of Love to bless the Rites
he has ordained, and mingle with our Happi-
ness a just Sense of our transient Condition,
and a Resignation to his Will, which only
can regulate our Minds to a steady Endeavour
to please him and each other.

*I am for ever,
Your faithful Servant.*

L E T T E R XXXI.

To the same.

Writ forty Years after Marriage.

M A D A M ,

I Heartily beg your Pardon for my Omission
to write Yesterday ; it was no failure of
my tender Regard for you ; but having been
very much perplex'd in my Thoughts on the
Subject of my last, made me determine to
suspend speaking of it till I came myself. But,
my lovely Creature, know it is not in the
Power of Age, or Misfortune, or any other
Accident which hangs over human Life, to
take from me the pleasing Esteem I have for
you, or the Memory of the bright Figure you
appeared in when you gave your Hand and
Heart, to

M A D A M ,

*Your most grateful Husband,
and obedient Servant.*

LETTER XXXII.

To Mr. —

From a Lady of inferior Fortune whom he courted for a Mistress.

SIR,

FTER very much Perplexity in myself, and revolving how to acquaint you with my own Sentiments, and expostulate with you concerning yours, I have chosen this Way. If I do not within few Days find the Effect which I hope from this, the whole Affair shall be bur'y'd in Oblivion. But, alas ! what am I going to do, when I am about to tell you that I love you ? but after I have done so, I am to assure you, that with all the Passion which ever enter'd a tender Heart, I know I can banish you from my Sight for ever, when I am convinc'd that you have no Inclinations towards me, but to my Dishonour. But, alas ! Sir, why should you sacrifice the real and essential Happiness of Life, to the Opinion of a World, that moves upon no other Foundation but profes'd Error and Prejudice ? You all can observe that Riches alone do not make you happy, and yet you give up every Thing else, when it stands in Competition with Riches. Since the World is so bad, that Religion is left to us silly Women, and you Men act generally upon Principles of Profit and Pleasure, I will talk to you without arguing from any thing but what may be most to your Advantage, as a Man of the World ;

and I will lay before you the State of the Case, supposing you had it in your Power to make me your Mistress, or your Wife ; and hope to convince you, that the latter is more for your Interest, and will contribute more to your Pleasure.

We will suppose then the Scene was laid, and you were now in Expectation of the approaching Evening wherein I was to meet you, and be carry'd to what convenient Corner of the Town you thought fit, to consummate all which your wanton Imagination has promised you in Possession of one, who is in the Bloom of Youth, and in the Reputation of Innocence : You would soon have enough of me, as I am sprightly, young, gay, and airy. When Fancy is fated, and finds all the Promises it made itself false, where is now the Innocence which charm'd you ? The first Hour you are alone you will find that the Pleasure of a Debauchée is only that of a Destroyer ; he blasts all the Fruit he tastes, and where the Brute has been devouring, there is nothing left worthy the Relish of the Man. Reason resumes her Place after Imagination is cloy'd ; and I am, with the utmost Distress and Confusion, to behold myself the Cause of uneasy Reflections to you, to be visited by stealth, and dwell for the future with the two Companions (the most unfit for each other in the World) Solitude and Guilt. I will not insist upon the shameful Obscurity we should pass our Time in, nor run over the little short Snatches of fresh Air, and free

Commerce which all People must be satisfy'd with, whose Actions will not bear Examination, but leave them to your Reflections, who have seen of that Life, of which I have but a meer Idea.

On the other Hand, if you can be so good and so generous as to make me your Wife, you may promise yourself all the Obedience and Tenderness with which Gratitude can inspire a virtuous Woman. Whatever Gratifications you promise yourself from an agreeable Person, whatever Compliances from an easy Temper, whatever Consolations from a sincere Friendship, you may expect as the Due of your Generosity. What at present in your ill View you promise yourself from me, will be follow'd by Distaste and Satiety; but the Transports of a virtuous Love are the least Part of its Happiness. The Raptures of innocent Passion are but like Lightning to the Day, they rather interrupt than advance the Pleasure of it. How happy then is that Life to be, where the highest Pleasure of Sense are but the lower Part of its Felicity.

Now I am to repeat to you the unnatural Request of taking me in direct Terms. I know there stands between me and that Happiness, the haughty Daughter of a Man, who can give you suitably to your Fortune. But if you weigh the Attendance and Behaviour of her who comes to you in Partnership of your Fortune and expects an Equivalent, with that of her who enters your House as honour'd and

and obliged by that Permission; whom of the two will you choose? You, perhaps, will think fit to spend a Day abroad in the common Entertainments of Men of Sense and Fortune; she will think herself ill-used in that Absence, and contrive at Home an Expence proportion'd to the Appearance which you make in the World. She is in all Things to have a Regard to the Fortune which she brought you; I to the Fortune to which you introduc'd me. The Commerce between you two will eternally have the Air of a Bargain; between us of a Friendship. Joy will ever enter into the Room with you; and kind Wishes attend my Benefactor when he leaves it. Ask yourself, how would you be pleased to enjoy for ever the Pleasure of having laid an immediate Obligation on a grateful Mind? such will be your Case with me. In the other Marriage you will live in a constant Comparison of Benefits, and never know the Happiness of conferring or receiving any.

It may be you will after all, act rather in the prudential Way, according to the Sense of the ordinary World. I know not what to think or say, when that melancholy Reflection comes upon me, but shall only add more, that it is in your Power to make me your grateful Wife, but never your abandon'd Mistress.

LETTER XXXIII.

To Colonel *R*—— in *Spain*.

BEFORE this can reach the best of Husbands and the fondest Lover, those tender Names will be no more of Concern to me. The Indisposition in which you, to obey the Dictates of your Honour and Duty left me, has encreased upon me ; and I am acquainted by my Physicians I cannot live a Week longer. At this Time my Spirits fail me, and it is the ardent Love I have for you that carries me beyond my Strength, and enables me to tell you the most painful Thing in the Prospect of Death, is, that I must part with you. But let it be a Comfort to you, that I have no Guilt hangs upon me, no unrepented Folly that retarded me ; but I pass away my last Hours in Reflexion upon the Happiness we have lived in together, and in Sorrow that it is so soon to have an End. This is a Frailty which I hope is so far from criminal, that methinks there is a Kind of Piety in being so unwilling to be separated from a State, which is the Institution of Heaven, and in which we have lived according to its Laws. As we know no more of the next Life, but that it will be an happy one to the Good, and miserable to the Wicked, why may we not please ourselves at least to alleviate the Difficulty of resigning this Being, in imagining that we shall have a Sense of what passes below, and may possibly be employed in guiding the Steps of those with whom we

we walked with Innocence when mortal? why may not I hope to go on in my usual Work, and though unknown to you, be assistant in all the Conflicts of your Mind? Give me Leave to say to you, O best of Men, that I cannot figure to myself a greater Happiness than in such an Employment. To be present at all the Adventures to which human Life is exposed, to administer Slumber to thy Eye-lids in the Agonies of a Fever, to cover thy beloved Face in the Day of Battle, to go with thee a guardian Angel incapable of Wound or Pain, where I have longed to attend thee when a weak and fearful Woman. These, my Dear, are the Thoughts with which I warm my poor languid Heart; but indeed I am not capable under my present Weakness of bearing the strong Agonies of Mind I fall into, when I form to myself the Grief you will be in upon your first hearing of my Departure. I will not dwell upon this, because your kind and generous Heart will be but the more afflicted, the more the Person for whom you lament offers you Consolation. My last Breath will, if I am myself, expire in a Prayer for you. I shall never see thy Face again. Farewell for ever.

LETTER XXXIV.

To Mr. —

From his Mistress just recovered of the Small-Pox.

SIR,

IF you flatter'd me before I had this terrible Malady, pray come and see me now:
But

[40]

But if you sincerely liked me, stay away; for
I am not the same.

CORINNA.

LETTER XXXV.

To Mrs. —

In Answer to the foregoing.

MADAM,

I Am not obliged, since you are not the same Woman, to let you know whether I flatter'd you or not; but I assure you, I do not, when I tell you I now like you above all your Sex, and hope you will bear what may befall me, when we are both one, as well as you do what happens to yourself now you are siugle; therefore I am ready to take such a Spirit for my Companion as soon as you please.

AMILCAR.

LETTER XXXVI.

Queen A—— B——n's last Letter to King
H——.

SIR,

YOUR Grace's Displeasure, and my Im-prisonment, are Things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess Truth, and so obtain your Favour) by such an one, whom you know

know to be mine ancient profess'd Enemy, I no sooner received this Message by him, than I rightly conceived your Meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a Truth, indeed may procure my Safety, I shall with all Willingness and Duty perform your Command.

But let not your Grace ever imagine, that your poor Wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a Fault, where not so much as a Thought thereof preceded. And to speak a Truth, never Prince had Wife more loyal in all Duty, and in all true Affection than you have ever found in *A—B—n*: With which Name and Place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your Grace's Pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any Time so far forget myself in my Exaltation, or received Queenship, but that I always looked for such an Alteration as I now find; for the Ground of my Preferment being on no surer Foundation than your Grace's Fancy, the least Alteration I knew was fit and sufficient to draw that Fancy to some other Object. You have chosen me from a low Estate, to be your Queen and Companion, far beyond my Desert or Desire. If then you found me worthy of such Honour, good your Grace let not any light Fancy or bad Counsel of mine Enemies, withdraw your princely Favour from me; neither let that Stain, that unworthy Stain, of a disloyal Heart towards your good Grace, ever cast so foul a Blot on your most dutiful Wife, and the Infant-Princess your Daughter. Try me, good King,
but

but let me have a lawful Trial, and let not my sworn Enemies sit as my Accusers and Judges. Yea, let me receive an open Trial, for my Truth shall fear no open Shame, then shall you see either mine Innocence clear'd, your Suspicion and Conscience satisfied, the Ignominy and Slander of the World stopped, or my Guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your Grace may be freed from an open Censure, and mine Offence being so lawfully prov'd, your Grace is at Liberty, both before God and Man, not only to execute worthy Punishment on me as an unlawful Wife, but to follow your Affection, already settled on that Party, for whose Sake I am as I am, whose Name I could some good while since have pointed unto your Grace, being not ignorant of my Suspicion therein.

But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my Death, but an infamous Slander must bring you the enjoying of your desired Happiness; then I desire of God, that he will pardon your great Sin therein, and likewise mine Enemies, the Instruments thereof; and that he will not call you to a strict Account for your unprincely and cruel Usage of me, at his general Judgment-Seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose Judgment I doubt not (whatsoever the World may think of me) mine Innocence shall be openly known, and sufficiently cleared.

My last and only Request shall be, that myself may only bear the Burden of your Grace's Dis-

Displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent Souls of those poor Gentlemen, who (as I understand) are likewise in strict Imprisonment for my Sake. If ever I have found Favour in your Sight, if ever the Name of *A—B—* hath been pleasing in your Ears, then let me obtain this Request, and I will so leave to trouble your Grace any farther, with mine earnest Prayers to the Trinity, to have your Grace in his good Keeping, and to direct you in all your Actions. From my doleful Prison in the *T—*, this Sixth of *May*.

*Your Grace's most Loyal,
And ever Faithfu! Wife,*
A—B—.

LETTER XXXVII.

To Monsieur —

SIR,

I Have the Mortification to hear that you have lost a Battle ; perhaps it may be only an envious Report, and perhaps, alas ! it is too true. In this Uncertainty grant me, just Heavens, the Life of my Lover, and I freely give up not only the Army, but my Country, and the whole World. Since I first heard these cruel Tydings, I have made at least twenty Visits every Day, in Hopes of hearing something that might alleviate my Affliction ; but alas ! the News of your Defeat is every where confirmed, and I have the Grief to hear nothing of you in particular. I durst not enquire what was

was become of you, not that I fear betraying the Love I bear you, for I am in too much Trouble to be so discreet; but because I dread being inform'd of more than I have Courage to hear. This is the present State I am in, and in which I shall remain till the next Express, if I have Patience to wait so long.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To Monsieur —

ALAS! will you never leave me in Peace? Must I always be in Fear, either of your Death, or your Inconstancy? During the Campaign, I was in continual Uneasiness: Every Gun the Enemy fired, I imagined was aim'd at you. After this I heard of your Defeat, without knowing what was become of you; and now I have the good Fortune, after a thousand mortal Apprehensions, to hear that you are escaped, I have also the Mortification to learn at the same Time, that you are in *Languedoc*, where you comfort yourself for your Disgraces in the Arms of *Mademoiselle* — If this is true, I think it a Misfortune that you was not killed in the Battle. Yes, I had much rather see you dead than inconstant! I could then have flatter'd myself, that had you liv'd, you would always have lov'd me; whereas, now I burst with Indignation to see myself abandon'd for one who don't love you with half my Paffion.

LET-

LETTER XXXIX.

To Mademoiselle ——

HOW cruel, Madam, are your Re-
proaches? Had you no other Way to
make me tell you I love you, than by accu-
sing me with not loving you at all? Convince
yourself by my Eyes, I beseech you! My Pas-
sion is so plainly painted in them, that it is vi-
sible to the whole World. Then why are you
the last Person to discover your own Victory.

Yes, Madam, I know no Joy but in your
Presence, and no Uneasiness but when I am
from you. You are the only Delight of my
Heart, and all my Actions witness it to you.
I strive in vain to hide my Sentiments. When
I am with indifferent Persons, my Behaviour
undeceives the least discerning. Neverthe-
less you have the Cruelty to call my Love
in Question! 'Tis well, Madam, I will die
to convince you how much

I am, &c.

LETTER XL.

To Madam ——

MADAM,

I Should long since have taken the Liberty
to have fallen in Love with you, if I had
thought you were at Leisure to receive my
Addresses. But you are so much taken up
with the Sighs of a thousand other dying Peo-
ple,

ple, that I thought it better Policy to keep my Flame in reserve, sometime hence perhaps it may kindle to more Advantage; a Vacancy may happen among your Slaves, or it may suit you to raise their Jealousy by producing all at once a new Lover; assure yourself, Madam, that you have one in reserve, that you may make Use of when you please. I shall keep my Flames, and my Sighs, and my Oaths, and my Vows in all Readiness, you need but give the Signal, and I shall begin the Siege. I know that most of your Sex would be eager of the Conquest, and without the Patience to wait a proper Opportunity, would immediately enrole me in the List of those, who wear their Chains. But you, I dare say, have more Oeconomy, and are sensible how preposterous a Figure those Beauties make, who having had a thousand Lovers at fifteen, at thirty are left quite destitute. Therefore you will take care to keep a few at least in reserve; for my part I can wait fifteen or twenty Years; for to say the Truth, at present you are too bright, and I should be glad to wait till that extream Lustre is a little faded, for to me your Beauty has even something superfluous in it, and I desire nothing but the Necessary, which you will always retain. Adieu, till I commence your Lover.

LETTER XLI.

To Madam —

THE Respect which I owe you, Madam, obliges me much against my Inclination, to mention something to you, which I have hitherto taken a great deal of Pains to conceal. I am sorry for your sake that I can dissemble no longer, and that I find myself reduced to the Necessity of telling you a piece of News, which perhaps may displease you ; but in short I should never forgive myself if I did not acquaint you with it, and my Conscience will admit of no other Ease. It is now full four Weeks that I have been in Love with you : Nay, you may take it as you please, you may be angry, chide your Maid, or tear your Fan ; for my part I have eased my Conscience, that's enough for me : You must know it had entered into my Head that nothing could be more unjust than to see a Person so amiable as yourself, without loving her. Love is the Tribute due to Beauty, and he that sees Beauty without Love, defrauds the Fair one of her Revenue ; for my part I could not sleep whilst my Conscience was loaded with so great a Crime ; but now I find unspeakable Relief in declaring myself your Lover, and, with the profoundest Respect,

Your Slave at Command.

LETTER

LETTER XLII.

To Mademoiselle —

MADAM,

SINCE I first made a Declaration of my Love, let me tell you, I have advanced considerably, for you won't let me be a Moment alone with you. I am no longer admitted to your Toilet, nor am I to touch the Tip of your Finger. Very well, Madam, it does, I gain Ground, you deprive me of all the Favours which before I enjoyed, thro' Indifference and Disregard, but let me give you a piece of Advice, the World observes that you treat me worse than usual, and to be sure maliciously concludes that I have made the Declaration; and let me tell you, Madam, it is possible for you, to use me so ill as even to make them think you love me; so pray have a little more Discretion, and grant me a few Favours to save your Reputation.

LETTER XLIII.

To Madam —

YOU may remember, Madam, what I mentioned to you Yesterday, concerning the Respect or what you please to call it, I have for you; in short, Madam, I beg you'd believe I love you, otherwife I must proceed to Force, and lay a regular Siege, with Sighs, Songs, and the rest of Love's Artillery.

tillery. But you had better not let it come to such Extremities ; the Consequence of which will be, that I shall be the less obliged to your good Will, and you will be ashamed of having ever doubted so plain a Truth.

The Fragment of a Love-Letter, which a young Gentleman kept for a Precedent, worn out with frequent Use.

— Beauty — Divine — Soft Raptures trickling from my Heart — of your Eyes — the Flames consumes — my Extasies — burn — dye — Chains — Goddess herself shou'd descend from the Skies — Nature would wonder — of so perfect a Piece — Yet I must sigh in the Gloominess of Despair — Relentless — obdurate Heart — Frowns to wound my Love-sick — those fatal Words — here — but — Oh !

D L E T

LETTERS
OF
COMPLIMENT.

LETTER I.

PLINY to HIS PULLA.

AS I remember the great Affection which was between you and your excellent Brother, and know you love his Daughter as your own, so as not only to express the Tenderness of the best of Aunts, but even to supply that of the best of Fathers: I am sure it will be a Pleasure to you to hear that she proves worthy of her Father, worthy of you, and of your and her Ancestors. Her Ingenuity is admirable; her Frugality extraordinary. She loves me, the surest Pledge of her Virtue, and adds to this a wonderful Disposition to Learning, which she has acquired from her Affection to me. She reads my Writings, studies them, and even gets them by Heart. You'd smile to see the Concern she is in when I have a Cause to plead, and the Joy she shews when it is over. She finds Means to have the first News brought her of the Success I meet with in Court, how I am heard, and what Decree is made. If I recite any Thing in Public, she cannot refrain

refrain from placing herself privately in some Corner to hear, where, with the utmost Delight, she feasts upon my Applauses. Sometimes she sings my Verses, and accompanies them with the Lute, without any Master, except Love, the best of Instructors. From these Instances I take the most certain Omens of our perpetual and increasing Happiness; since her Affection is not founded on my Youth and Person, which must gradually decay, but she is in love with the immortal Part of me, my Glory and Reputation. Nor indeed could less be expected from one who had the Happiness to receive her Education from you, who in your House was accustomed to every Thing that was virtuous and decent, and even began to love me by your Recommendation. For as you had always the greatest Respect for my Mother, you were pleased from my Infancy to form me, to commend me, and kindly to presage I should be one Day what my Wife fancies I am. Accept therefore our united Thanks; mine, that you have bestowed her on me, and hers, that you have given me to her, as a mutual Grant of Joy and Felicity.

LETTER II.

By *Voiture.*To *Mademoiselle de Rambouillet.*

MADAM,

WITHOUT borrowing any Citations,
either from sacred or profane Hi-
D 2 story.

ftory, whatever you write is admirable. I lay up the least Billets that fall from your Hand, as I would the Leaves of a Sybil; and out of them I study that unaffected, but majestic Eloquence which all the World is ambitious to attain; and without which, 'tis absolutely impossible to speak worthily of you. If it be true, as you would flatter me, that I have done it, I may presume to have perform'd the most difficult Task in the World, and, which as much as lay in my Power, was always in my Wishes. For be assur'd, Madam, there is nothing I ever desired more passionately, than to acquaint the World with the two greatest Instances produced of an accomplished Vertue, and a perfect Affection, by letting it know how much you are esteem'd by all that know you, and how much I am,

Madam,

Your most obedient, &c.

LETTER III.

By Coftar.

To Madam —

He compliments her upon her Writing.

MADAM,

THE Hopes I had of seeing you have robb'd me of the Pleasure of writing to you; and what I regret a thousand Times more, have depriv'd me of your Answer. If you remember the last you sent me, you won't suspect

Suspect me of a Compliment ; it was so witty, that had it been disobligeing, I should have been charm'd ; and so obliging, that I should have been transported, had it been less witty than it was. What I always thought impossible, has at length happened to me ; that I should love you more than ever ; and I have now experienced what otherwise I should never have comprehended ; that the Esteem I had for your Wit could receive any Addition. I dare also acknowledge to you, Madam, that for once in my Life I have been pleas'd with your Absence ; and that every Time I read over the little Billet you did me the Honour to write to me, I make no Doubt of what I always believed ; that I could never know a greater Satisfaction than that of seeing you, and hearing you speak.

LETTER IV.

By *Voiture*.

To Monsieur *Emeri*, Comptroller of the Finances.

Few People express themselves like him.

SIR,

HAD you forbid me to speak of your other Letters, you would at least permit me to compliment you upon that which you wrote in my Favour to Monsieur . There is scarce a Person in the World who is capable of writing such a one. That

Passage in particular, where you tell him, you are desirous to advance your Money for the Dispatch of my Affair, is certainly one of the handsomest Things I ever read ; for in spite of your Modesty, you must acknowledge, 'tis a noble Way of speaking to offer twenty thousand Franks for a Friend ; and that there are but few People who know how to use such a Stile, not one of the fine Wits of the Academy ever thought of such an Expression, and amongst all their boasted Sentiments there's none can equal this of yours. I admire it, and am with the greatest Respect,

SIR,

*Your most humble
and most obedient Servant, &c.*

LETTER V.

By Scaron.

To Mademoiselle D'Aubigne.

He compliments her upon her writing.

MADAM,

WHAT you have writ to me, is extremely ingenious, and I cannot help being dissatisfied with my own Wit, for not having made an earlier Discovery of the Beauty of yours. The Letter I receiv'd from you is a most charming Instance, and I can't imagine why you have taken as much Pains to hide your Perfections as other People employ to divulge

divulge theirs. But since your Secret is discover'd, I think you ought to write to me without reserve; I'll endeavour in my Answers to come up to you as well as I can, and you'll have the Pleasure of seeing how difficult a Task that is. I am,

MADAM,

Your most obedient, &c.

LETTER VI.

By *Balzac.*

To Monsieur *Borrel.*

SIR,

I Don't know myself in your Letters. You are one of those Painters who never trouble themselves with the Resemblance, provided they draw a beautiful Picture. You must certainly have had some more deserving Person than me in your Thoughts, when you gave yourself the Trouble to write to me; or rather the Praises you gave me are Exhortations in Disguise. They are the most artful and delicate I could possibly receive, and will oblige me to be for ever with the greatest Esteem,

SIR,

Your most humble,

Most obedient Servant, &c.

LETTER VII.

By the same.

To Mademoiselle de Scudery.

MADAM,

I HAVE neither Humility enough to reject the Praises which you give me, nor Presumption enough to think I deserve them; the first would imply too much Vanity, and the last too much ill Manners. My Conduct in this Respect can do you no Injustice; I consider your excellent Words as entirely your own, and though I cannot believe they belong to me, yet they are not without their Effect; I am convinced by them; but then it is of the Beauty of your Wit, and of that Eloquence which commends, not of that which is commended. For the Truth of this I appeal to your own Merit, and am,

MADAM,

*Your most humble, and
Most obedient Servant, &c.*

LETTER VIII.

By Costar.

To Monsieur le Fevre, Canon of Angers.

SIR,

WAS you always to write such Letters to me as your last, I should not be very anxious in wishing for your return. I have

have not been so agreeably flatter'd this long Time, and you can't imagine how much it has elevated me. May it be a Twelvemonth before you return ! Since you love me so heartily in my Absence, and so little in Comparison, when I am present. Is it not because my good Qualities are entirely owing to your Imagination, which takes my Part when I am from you, and which abandons me when your Eyes and your Ears undeceive you ? I don't know what to say to this, but your Flatteries have transported me, and without examining whether your Heart has any Share in them, 'tis sufficient that the Wit of them has charm'd mine. If I have not the Pleasure of believing, I have that of reading them ; and though they should not persuade me of your Friendship, they at least convince me that you merit mine, and that I ought to be all my Life,

SIR,

Your most humble, &c.

LETTER IX.

By *Coſtar.*

To Monsieur —

SIR,

THE Friendship with which you honour me, has made you say a great many handsome Things in my Favour, for which I return you a thouſand Thanks. You have

express'd yourself in a Manner which charms me, and I can't help being a little vain: But the Share you have promised me in your Friendship, transports me infinitely more than all your agreeable Praises. I intreat you, Sir, to believe it, and that I am with the most grateful Respect,

Your most humble, &c.

LETTER X.

By *Balzac.*

To *Monsieur de Tiffandier.*

SIR,

I HAVE read the Letter, in which you say so many fine Things of me, but dare not tell you the Pleasure it gave me, for fear you should think me vainer and more fond of Praise than a Woman. Those you give me, are so delicate that they enchant me, and whether you deceive me, or I you, the Error is so agreeable, that I could wish with all my Heart it might continue for ever, and am,

SIR,

Your most humble,

and most obedient Servant.

LET-

LETTER XI.

By *Arnaud d'Andilly.*To Monsieur *Chaplain.*

SIR,

WAS I capable of acquiring those good Qualities which I want, and which you so generously give me, I should be more worthy of the Honour you do me, and should not blush at seeing myself so different from what I am in your Letter. But I do myself Justice, and can only look upon your Praises, as Favours, which I no Way deserve. You will do me a very particular one, in giving me an Opportunity of shewing you how sincerely I am,

SIR,

*Your most humble,**and most obedient Servant, &c.*

LETTERS SATIRICAL.

LETTER I.

From the Lady C—, to her Cousin W—.

*Upon his having sent her a Copy of Verses on
her Beauty.*

COUSIN,

I Received yours with the Verses inclosed, and here return you my hearty Thanks for the Face, the Shape, the Mien, which you have so generously bestow'd upon me. From looking upon your Verses, I went to my Glass ; but Jesu ! the Difference ! tho' I bought it to flatter me, yet compared to you, I found it a Plain-dealer. It shew'd me immediately, that I am a great deal more beholding to you, than I have been to Nature ; for the only form'd me not frightful ; but you have made me divine. But as you have been a great deal kinder to me than Nature, I think myself oblig'd in requital, to be a good deal more liberal than Heaven has been to you, and to allow you as large a Stock of Wit as you have given me of Beauty, since so honest a Gentleman as yourself has stretch'd his Conscience to commend my Person, I am bound

bound in Gratitude to do Violence to my Reason to extol your Verses. When I left the Town, I desired you to furnish me with the News of the Place, and the first Thing I have received from you is a Copy of Verses on my Beauty ; by which you dexterously infer, that the most extraordinary Piece of News you can send me, is to tell me that I am handsome ; by which ingenious Inference, you had infallibly brought the Scandal of a Wit upon you, if your Verses had not stood up in your Justification. But tell me truly, Cousin, could you think I should prove so easy a Creature, as to believe all that you have said of me ? How could you find in your Heart to make such a Fool of me, and such a Cheat of yourself, to intoxicate me with Flattery, and to draw me in to truck my little Stock of Wit and Judgment for a meer Imagination of Beauty ; when the real Thing too falls so infinitely short of what you would make me exchange for the very Fancy of it ? For, Cousin, there is this considerable Difference between the Merit of Wit and Beauty ; that Men are never violently influenced by Beauty, unless it has weakened their Reason ; and never feel half the Force of Wit, unless their Judgments are sound. The principal Time in which those of your Sex admire Beauty in ours, is between seventeen and thirty ; that is, after they are past their Innocence, and before they are come to their Judgment ; and now, Cousin, have not you been commanding a pretty Quality in me ;

to

to admire which, as I have just shewn you, supposes not only a corrupted Will, but a raw Understanding? Besides, how frail, how transitory is it! Nature deprives us of it at thirty, if Diseases spare it till then: By which constant Proceeding she seems to imply, that she gives it us as a Gewgaw to please us in the Childhood of our Reason; and takes it from us as a Thing below us, when we come to Years of Discretion. Thus, Cousin, have you been commanding a Quality in me, which has nothing of true Merit in it, and of which I have no greater a Share, than to keep me from being scandalous! so that all I could have got by your Kindness, if I had parted with my Judgment, in order to reap the Benefit of it, had been nothing but wretched Conceit, and ridiculous Affection. If I thought you had enough of the gallant Man in you, to take what I say in good Part, I would advise you to engage no farther in Poetry: Be ruled by a Woman for once, and mind your *Cake* upon *Littleton*. Rather pettifog than flatter; for if you are resolved to be a Cheat, you will shew at least some Conscience, in resolving rather to chouse People of their Money, than to bubble them of their Understandings. Besides, Cousin, you have not a Genius which will make a great Poet; and be pleased to consider that a small Poet is a scandalous Wight; that indifferent Verses are very bad ones; and that an insipid Panegyric upon another, is a severe Libel upon yourself. Besides, there will start up a Satyr one Day, and then

then Woe be to cold Rhymers. Old *England* is not yet so barren, but there will arise some generous Spirit, who, besides a Stock of Wit and good Sense, which are no very common Qualities, will not only be furnish'd with a sound Judgment, which is an extraordinary Talent, but with a true Taste for Eloquence and Wit, which is scarce any where to be found; and which comprehends not only a just Discernment, but a fine Penetration, and a delicate Criticism. Such a Satyrist as this, Cousin, must arise, and therefore you had best take Care, by a judicious Silence, that whenever he appears, he may be sure to divert you, and not to afflict you.

I am, &c.

LETTER II.

By Mr. Smith.

To an old Lady who smoak'd Tobacco.

MADAM,

THOUGH the ill-natur'd World censures you for smoaking; yet I would advise you not to part with so innocent a Diversion. In the *first* Place, Madam, it is healthful, and as *Galen, de usum Partium*, rightly observes, is a sovereign Remedy for the Tooth-ach, the constant Persecutors of old Ladies. *Secondly*, Tobacco, though it be a Heathenish Weed, is a great Help to Christian Meditations, which is the Reason I suppose, that recommends it to our Parsons; the Ge-

ne-

nerality of whom can no more write a Sermon without a Pipe in their Mouths than a Concordance in their Hands. Besides, every Pipe you break, may serve to put you in Mind of Mortality, and shew you upon what slender Accidents Man's Life depends. I know a dissenting Minister, who on Fast-days used to mortify upon a Rump of Beef, because it put him, as he said, in Mind, that all Flesh was Grass; but I am sure much more may be learned from Tobacco. It may instruct you that Riches, Beauty, and all the Glories of this World vanish like a Vapour. *Thirdly*, it is a pretty Play-thing; a Pipe is the same Thing with an old Woman, that a Gallant is to a young one, by the same Token they make both water at Mouth. *Fourthly, and lastly*, it is fashionable, at least it is in a fair Way of becoming so; cold Tea, you know, has been this long while in Reputation at Court, and the Gill as naturally ushers in the Pipe, as the Sword-bearer walks before the Lord-Mayor.

I am,

*Your Ladyship's
Most obedient humble Servant.*

LETTER III.

By the same.

To the Lady —

MADAM,

I Am now at my Lady —'s, where we have had a very warm Debate: Among many general Things, we happened to fall in-
to

to a Discourse on Queen *Elizabeth*, and a Question arising, what Complexion she was of ; one Lady said she was fair, another maintained she was black, a third contended she was brown. The Dispute was manag'd with very great Heat, and little Certainty on all Sides. *Speed*, *Baker*, and *Cambden* were consulted ; but we found the Historians either silent, or as much divided as the Company ; at last, after a long Debate, it was the unanimous Resolution of both Ladies and Gentlemen, to refer it to your Ladyship's Determination, as a Person of great Antiquity, and consequently of better Authority than our Chronicles. If you shall do us the Favour to give us some Satisfaction in this Matter, it will be a general Obligation to the whole Company, and a particular Honour done to,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient Servant.

LETTER IV.

To Madam —

Upon a Pedant.

MADAM,

Acknowledge that your boasted Wit is a very insipid Creature, and that they deceived you extreamly, who told you so many Wonders of him. No Man in the World ever talked so much. If you speak a Syllable in

in his Presence, he immediately thinks you invade his Rights, and that nobody has the Liberty of Speech besides himself. He has seen every thing, done every thing, knows every thing, and if you'll believe him, has had more Adventures than the Hero of a Romance ; tho' as to his fibbing Faculty I don't at all wonder at it, since he was born a Tax upon our Hearing. As many Rhodomontades escaped him whilst I was in his Company as would puzzle an Arithmetician. Then as to Books, what has not he read ? He's in the Right to say he devours them, for it is evident he never digests them, which is the Reason his Mind receives so little Nourishment from them. He quotes Authorities every Moment, and his Head is a Lumber-Room of History. But how different, Madam, is this Manner of knowing from real Science ! And how much better is a sociable Ignorance, than such an impertinent Knowledge ! It moves one's Pity to see how he tortures his Fancy for a Pun, and puts himself on the Stretch, after a Jest, which was never found. He is continually on the Watch for a Quibble, and whenever he starts any thing of that Kind, his Laugh is as hearty as indecent, and not to laugh with him is to affront him. Had I a Mind to become learned, the bare Sight of such a one would cure my Ambition, and make me in Love with my Ignorance. His Conversation was extream tedious to me, nor can any thing make me Amends for it but yours. I am,

MADAM,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

LETTER V.

By *Balzac.*

To Monsieur —

Against a Coxcomb with a stinking Breath.

SIR,

I Can bear no longer with that little Tar-tuff — ; from his Mouth and Nostrils proceed Vapours which poisons one. He is the most detestable of all Mortals, and I have promised my Friends never to bring them within Sight of so odious a Creature. His Infirmitiy is really formidable, and puts to Flight all who approach him ; for without some Preservative, it's impossible to come near a Wretch so vain, so stinking, and so insupportable. I am,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

LETTER VI.

By *the same.*

To Madam —

MADAM,

I Have taken the Freedom to send you the History of the old Woman whom you take for a Saint. She was born of the Sins of her Mother, and never was Virginity of a shorter Duration than her own. She has even lost the Remembrance of it, and her Cotemporaries af-

assure me, that the first time she went abroad, her Gloves and her Maidenhead were missing together. After this, as she increased in Beauty and Stature, she was admired by all *France*, and sold fifty times over at Court, what she had lost at School. She then learned by Experience, whether there is more Pleasure with a *Jew* than a *Christian*, and spent the Bloom of her Life in such Kind of Amusements. At present she acts a different Part, and would pass herself upon the World for a Saint; but far from that, Madam, she sollicits others to transgress, nor is there a Chastity can escape her, unless it takes Refuge among the *Carmelites*. She can't bear any Woman should preserve her Honour, and grows as outrageous on such an Occasion, as if she was robbed of all she has. Nevertheless, Madam, this is the Saint you would canonize, and from whom you expect so many Miracles; but I know her to the very Bottom of her Soul, and you may confide in what I write. I am,

MADAM,

*Your most obedient
and most humble Servant.*

LET-

LETTER

OF

REPROACH.

To Mademoiselle ——

MADAM,

If in dying I could preserve my Esteem for you ; Death would seem terrible to me ; but since to esteem you is now impossible, I part from Life without Reluctance ; I never loved it with any other View than to pass it happily with you ; but since neither a little Merit nor a great deal of Love could attain that End, I have no farther Business with Life, and Death is going to free me from innumerable Pains. Was you capable of any Tenderness, you could not see me in the Condition I am in without melting into Tears. But, God be thank'd ! Nature has arm'd you against such Weakness, and she who could every Day give Despair to that Man in the World, who loved her most, can very well see him die without being touch'd with the least Sentiment of Pity.

Adieu.

LET-

LETTERS

OF

REPRIMAND.

LETTER I.

To Mr. —

DEAR SIR,

I Spent some Time with you the other Day, and must take the Liberty of a Friend, to tell you of the unsufferable Affection you are guilty of in all you say and do. When I gave you a Hint of it, you ask'd me, whether a Man is to be cold to what his Friends think of him? No, but Praise is not to be the Entertainment of every Moment: He that hopes for it, must be able to suspend the Possession of it, till proper Periods of Life, or Death itself. If you would not rather be commended than be praise-worthy, contemn little Merits, and allow no Man to be so free with you as to praise you to your Face. Your Vanity by this Means will want its Food. At the same Time your Passion for Esteem will be more fully gratify'd; Men will praise you in their Actions. Where you now receive one Compliment, you will then receive twenty Civilities.

vilities. Till then you will never have of either, farther than,

SIR,

Your humble Servant.

LETTER II.

To Mr. —

SIR,

WHY will you apply to my Father for my Love? I cannot help it if he will give you my Person; but I assure you it is not in his Power, nor even in my own, to give you my Heart. Dear Sir, do but consider the ill Consequence of such a Match; you are fifty-five, and I twenty-one. You are a Man of Busines, and mighty convervant in Arithmetick and making Calculations; be pleased therefore to consider what Proportion your Spirits bear to mine, and when you have made a just Estimate of the necessary Decay on one Side, and the Redundance on the other, you will act accordingly. This, perhaps, is such Language as you may not expect from a young Lady; but my Happiness is at Stake, and I must talk plainly I mortally hate you; and so, as you and my Father agree, you may take me, or leave me: But if you will be so good as never to see me more, you will for ever oblige,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

HENRIETTA.

LET-

LETTERS ·
OF
CONSOLATION
AND
CONDOLANCE.

LETTER I.

To Mr. —

On the Death of his Father.

DEAR SIR,

I know no Part of Life more impertinent than the Office of administering Consolation; I will not enter into it, for I cannot but applaud your Grief. The virtuous Principles you had from that excellent Man whom you have lost, have wrought in you as they ought, to make a Youth of three and twenty incapable of Comfort upon coming into Possession of a great Fortune. I doubt not but you will honour his Memory by a modest Enjoyment of his Estate; and scorn to triumph over his Grave, by employing in Riot, Excess, and Debauchery, what he purchased with so much Industry, Prudence, and Wisdom. This is the true Way to shew the Sense you have of

your

your Loss, and to take away the Distress of others upon the Occasion. You cannot recall your Father by Grief, but you may revive him to his Friends by your Conduct.

LETTER II.

By Mr. *Wycherly*.

To Mr. —

On the Loss of his Mistress.

DEAR SIR,

I Have yours of the thirty first of *March*, which I should have answered sooner, had I not been forced to take a little Turn out of Town ; but your Letter brought me not more Satisfaction, than your last to Mr. *Moyle* gave me Disquiet ; since by that I find how uneasy you are. You know, my Friend, from one sufficiently experienced in Love - disasters, that Love is often a kind of loosing Loadam, in which the Loser is most commonly the Gainer. If you have been deprived of a Mistress, consider you have lost a Wife ; and tho' you are disappointed of a short Satisfaction, you have likewise escaped a tedious Vexation, which Matrimony infallibly comes to be one way or another ; so that your Misfortune is an Accident which your Friends should rather felicitate than commiserate. You told me in your last, that you were no longer Master of yourself ; then how should I help rejoicing at the Restoration of your Liberty ? A Man

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might

might as reasonably be sorry for his Friend's Recovery from Madness, as for his Recovery from Love, (tho' for the Time a pleasant Frenzy) so that your Mistres's Father has rather been your Doctor than your Enemy ; and you should not be angry with him, if he cures you of your Love-distemper, tho' by a Means a little too violent ; for next to his Daughter's Cure of Love, his may prove the best. Well, pray be not angry, that I can be pleased with any Thing that so much displeases you ; I own my Friendship for you has a little Selfishnes in it ; for now you cannot be so happy as you would in the Country, I hope you will make us as happy as we can be in the Town, which we shall be as soon as we have your Company ; for know, my Friend, change of Air after a Love-distemper may be as good as it is after a Fever ; and therefore make haste to Town, where a great many Doctors have engaged to compleat your Cure. Your Friends will do any Thing to root out the Remains of your Passion. The witty Club will grow grave to instruct you ; and the grave Club will grow gay to delight you ; *Wb*— will turn a Philosopher, and I will grow a good Fellow, and venture my own Health, for the Recovery of your good Humour ; for I had rather be sick in your Company, than for want of it ; Who am,

DEAR SIR,

*Your most unalterable Friend,
and humble Servant,*

W. WYCHERLY.
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LETTER III.

To Monsieur —

On the Death of a Friend.

SIR,

THE Person for whom you grieve, could never be enough esteem'd, and is truly worthy of your Tears. But the greatest and the best of Men have dy'd ; and we ought to look upon all Mankind either as gone or going. Let us consider the present Hour as our last, and take this for granted, that Life is inseparable from Sorrow, we must either leave the World ourselves, or submit to see others do so. Wherefore it is certainly a blameable Passion to be fond of Life, and at the same Time to be unable to bear the Inconveniences which attend it. I am,

SIR,

Your most humble,

and most obedient Servant, &c.

LETTER IV.

By *Costar.*

To Mademoiselle —

MADAM,

THOUGH I had arm'd myself against most of the Accidents of Life, yet I find myself so little Proof against those which

befall you, that I think it impossible you should feel them in a more sensible Manner. I look upon it as the greatest of Misfortunes to give you a Testimony of my Respect on this melancholy Occasion, and could almost resolve to suffer you to call it in Question. But Occasions are not of our chusing; and all we can do, is, to let none pass, whether good or bad, without shewing those we love, the Part we take in all that concerns them. Do me the Honour to believe me sincere, and don't look upon it as a bare Compliment, when I profess myself forever,

M A D A M,

*Your most humble,
and most obedient Servant, &c.*

L E T T E R V.

By *Conrart.*

To Monsieur *Felibien.*

S I R,

HAD I known your Loss sooner, I should not have fail'd testifying the Part I take in every Thing which concerns you. I am very sensible, how deep an Impression it must make in a Heart like yours. Your Sorrow is truly just, and not to grieve on such an Occasion would be Blame-worthy. But then we must set Bounds to our Grief; for in growing excessive, it becomes criminal. Time will be

be your best Physician under this Misfortune, and your own Prudence the best Remedy. Consult it, I beseech you, and believe me to be,

SIR,

*Your most humble,
and most obedient Servant.*

LETTER VI.

By M. de St. Evremond.

To the Duchess of *Mazarin*.

MADAM,

THE dreadful Retirement that you mention to me, cannot be more so to you than it is to me. When you are content, I am satisfy'd; when you have Occasion to lament your Condition, that is a Reason for me to lament mine. I expect from your Constancy and Resolution, that you will yet bear with Patience the bad State of your Affairs for some Time; and from your good Sense, that the Illusion of deceitful and imaginary Goods will gain no Power over your Mind. Don't lose your Hopes, Madam, for your Troubles and Difficulties will have an End. Leave off Beer, drink your Wine, and let *Mustapha* drink, that his usual Inspiration may come upon him. This will do you more Service against bad Fortune, than *Seneca's* Consolation to *Marcia*.

LETTER VII.

By Madam *de L'Enclos.*To Monsieur *de St. Evremond.*

SIR,

HOW great a Loss have you sustained ! If we were not to be lost ourselves, it is impossible we should ever be comforted. I heartily condole with you ; you have lost an amiable Commerce, that supported you in a foreign Country. What can be done to retrieve such a Misfortune ? They who live long, are liable to see their Friends die. After this, your Parts, your Philosophy will serve to support you. I am as much touch'd with this Death, as if I had had the Honour of the Duchess of *Mazarin's* Acquaintance. She thought of me in my Sufferings ; I was touch'd with that Goodness ; and her being so dear to you, made me love and esteem her. There is no Remedy for this Misfortune ; nor is there any against that which happens to our poor Bodies ; take care of yours. Your Friends are pleased to see you so healthy and so wise ; for I reckon those wise who know how to make themselves happy. I return you a thousand Thanks for the Tea you were pleased to send me. The Humour and Gaiety of your Letter pleased me as much as your Present. You will soon have my Lady *Sandwich* with you again, whom we behold with Abundance of Grief just on her Departure. I wish her

her Manner of Life may afford you some Consolation. I don't know the *English Way*, but this Lady has been very much *French* here. Adieu, Sir, a thousand Times. If one could think like Madam *de Chevreuse*, who fancied when she was dying, that she was going to chat with all her Friends in the other World, one might receive some Comfort from such a Thought.

LETTER V.II.

To the same.

SIR,

Monsieur *de Charleval* is just dead; at which I am so much afflicted, that I endeavour to comfort myself by considering the Share you will have in my Grief. I visited him every Day, his Mind had all the Charms of Youth, and his Heart had all the Goodness and Tenderness that could be desired in a true Friend. We often spoke of you, and of all the original Wits of our Time. His Life, and that which I lead at present, had a great deal of Resemblance. In fine, such a Loss is worse than Death itself. Pray let me hear from you. I am as much concerned about your Welfare at *London*, as if you were here. Old Friends have Charms, which are never so well known as when we are deprived of them. I am,

SIR,

*Your sincere Friend,
and Servant, &c.*

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A N S W E R S
T O
L E T T E R S
O F
C O N S O L A T I O N a n d C O N D O L A N C E .

L E T T E R I .

By Monsieur Arnaud *d'Andilly*.

To my Lord Cardinal *de la Valette*.

MY L O R D ,

WHATEVER Affliction I labour under, I never fail to receive fresh Marks of the Friendship with which you honour me. It seems, my Lord, as if your Goodness thought itself oblig'd to comfort me for all my Losses ; and that they only serve to let me see how good and generous you are. But however great my Obligations to you may be, I intreat your Lordship to believe that they can never surpass the grateful Sense I have of them, and that I am with the greatest and most sincere Respect,

MY L O R D ,

*Your Lordship's most obedient,
and most humble Servant.*

L E T -

LETTER II.

By Monsieur de la Chambre.
To the Reverend Father —

REVEREND FATHER,

IT is a particular Pleasure to me, that you have thought me worthy your Consolation. It confirms me in the flattering Opinion, that you have an Affection for me, and is, I assure you, one of my greatest Comforts in my present Disgrace. I return you my sincere Thanks for the Favour, and am with due Respect,

Your most humble,

and most obedient Servant.

LETTERS OF THANKS.

LETTER I.

To a Lady who had highly commended him.

MADAM,

I Should be insensible to a Stupidity, if I could forbear making you my Acknowledgments for your late mention of me with so much Applause. It is, I think, your Fate to give me new Sentiments; as you formerly inspired me with the true Sense of Love, so do you now with a true Sense of Glory. As Desire had the least Part in the Passion I heretofore professed towards you, so has Vanity no Share in the Glory, to which you have now raised me. Innocence, Knowledge, Beauty, Virtue, Sincerity, and Discretion, are the constant Ornaments of her who said this of me. Fame is a Babbler, but I have arriv'd at the highest Glory in this World, the Commendation of the most deserving Person in it.

LET-

LETTER II.

By Mons. de St. Euremond.

To the Count de LIONNE.

I Received, just now, the Letter you have done me the Honour to write to me, with the Airs you have sent me. I should have a thousand Thanks to return to you ; but knowing as I do, your Inclination to oblige me, you will, I hope, allow me to be somewhat slow in making Acknowledgments ; for the continual Repetition of Favours might fatigue so tender a Gratitude as mine. Be persuaded, however, that I have a due Sense of your Kindness ; and that you may more absolutely dispose of me, than of any Man you know. When there is something curious and diverting, I intreat you to send it me.

Do not forbear obliging me ; for let my Gratitude be never so tender, yet it will last as long as myself ; nor shall I ever forget what you do for my Interest.

I am, &c.

LETTER III.

To the same.

S irksom and heavy as my Disgraces are, yet I find some Alleviation, when I find a Person of so much Honour as yourself, who has the Tenderness to pity them, and the Generosity to endeavour to put an End to them.

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I am infinitely oblig'd to Madam —— for her Kindness, and to you for your zealous Endeavours; but I should be glad, that for the Future, no body would stir up Count *de Laurun* to serve me; for I am sure he'll do, of his own Accord, all that shall lie in his Power for me, without doing himself hurt; and I should be very sorry to draw upon him the least Mortification. He ought to entertain his Master with nothing but what's agreeable, and hear nothing from him, but what brings him some Satisfaction. For, when a Master has once begun to refuse, he easily gets a Habit of not granting what's ask'd of him. I have heard a great Courtier say, that a Man ought very carefully to avoid the first Repulse; and I should be very sorry to have occasioned one to a Person I honour so highly, as I do Count *de Laurun*.

Not but that I lie under a Sort of Necessity of going to *France*, for two Months, unless I will resolve to lose the little I have there, and all that makes me subsist in foreign Countries. There is, as I take it, about forty thousand Livres still due to me, of which I can get nothing; however, I fear more than want the Relief of Nature, which might put an End to the ill Treatments I receive from Fortune. I am tormented with devilish Vapours; but as soon as they are over, I am as merry as ever. In one Hour, all that is sad, and all that is pleasant, presents itself by Turns, to my Imagination: So that I am more sensibly affected with the Effects of Humour, than by
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the Power of Reason. I should easily fall to moralizing ; which is the Inclination of all the Unfortunate, whose Imagination is generally taken up either with Melancholly, or, at least, serious Thoughts. As I fear the Ridicule that attends Gravity, I stop short, to tell you only, Sir, that no Man is more absolutely

Yours, &c.

I beseech you, when Occasion offers, to assure Madam —— of my most humble Acknowledgments, for all her Kindnesses.

LETTER IV.

To the same.

SIR,

IF I could discharge all the Obligations you have laid on me, by Thanks, I would most humbly return you a thousand ; but since the least of the Pains you have taken for me, is worth more than all the Compliments in the World, I would have you to quit Scores with yourself, by the Pleasure which a Man of Honour finds in obliging others. You'll say, perhaps, I am ungrateful ; if I am, 'tis not, at least, after the ordinary Rate, and knowing, as I do, the Delicacy of your Tast, I believe I shall please you more by a refined Ingratitude, than by too common a Gratitude. If by Misfortune, this Way of dealing should not please you, justify me yourself ; and by what you have done for me, judge of my grateful Sense, which, indeed, is such as it ought to be.

What-

Whatever be the Success of your Endeavours, I shall always be infinitely obliged to you; and the good Intentions of those who would do me Service, are ever very agreeable and acceptable to me, altho' they prove not successful.

LETTER V.

To the same.

YOU are none of those who endeavour more to satisfy themselves, as to the Honesty of their Conduct towards their Friends, than to bring their Affairs to a good Issue. Your first Care of mine, laid Obligations enough on me. But your Perseverance, and all the industrious Pains you take, give me a Sort of Shame, and I should not easily suffer them, if I did not think they may put me in a Condition to come and shew you my Gratitude. You know nothing is equal to the Tenderness of a Man in Disgrace; I am naturally pretty sensible of the Favours done me; judge what ill Fortune adds to this good Disposition. Of the Temper, and in the Condition I am, I give myself over to the Impression your Generosity has made on me, and 'tis my most soft and tender Pleasure to be touch'd by it; but sometimes ungrateful Reflections would bias my Judgment; and it comes into my Head to examine coolly the Obligations I have to you. I swear to you, in good earnest, that after having consider'd all you do for me, I wonder how

how an Acquaintance, which came about by Chance, could produce such eager Concern in you, for the Interest of a new Friend.

LETTER VI.

To the same.

I know not yet what Success your Endeavours to serve me will have; but I can assure you, they make a deep Impression on a Man, who is very sensible of the least Obligation that is laid upon him. I am more concern'd at your Illness, for the Trouble it brings upon you, than by the Hindrance it gives to your Sollicitations in my Affair. I am apprehensive they may be somewhat too pressing, with Respect to the Prince of *Turenne*, and that I may become at last obnoxious to him, by the Importunity I give him. If he had not sent me a Compliment by Count *D'Auvergne*, and Count *D'Estrades*, I would not have taken the Liberty to desire his good Offices, for I never did him any Service that may oblige him to concern himself in my Behalf. If I admit'd him all my Life-time, 'twas only to do Justice to his great Qualities, and to credit my own Judgment. But I never expected any thing from him, because, indeed, I had no Pretensions to any thing. If he be so kind as to be willing to oblige me, I shall be extremely grateful; but if I am indifferent to him, I shall have no Manner of Reason to complain.

The

The Kindness which you assure me the Marquis *De Lionne* has for me, gives me a secret Satisfaction, far greater than I ought to enjoy in my present Condition. If I was fully persuaded of it, it would take up my whole Attention, and agreeably divert my Thoughts from my ill Fortune. In what Place soever I may be, pray assure him, that he will have in me a very unprofitable Servant against my Will, and no less zealous than yourself, in every thing that concerns him. This, I think, is the most emphatical Way I can use to express my Sentiments.

LETTER VII.

To the Lord Cardinal *de la Valette*.

Arnaud d'Andilly thanks him for the good Opinion he has of him.

MY LORD,

THE Letter your Eminence did me the Honour to write to me, is so obliging, that it would be a kind of Ingratitude to imagine I can thank you for it as I ought. Words may express an Acknowledgment of ordinary Favours; but those of the Heart can be answered by nothing but the Heart itself. Your Eminence could not lay a greater Obligation upon me, than by judging so favourably of the little Concern I have for my own Interest, when compar'd to that Zeal and Respect with which I am,

MY LORD,

Your Eminence's most obedient,
and most humble Servant, &c.

LETTER VIII.

To Monsieur Fouquet.

Scaron thanks him for his Favours.

SIR,

THE Honour you did me in accepting my little Present, was a sufficient Obligation, without your loading me with new Favours. 'Tis one Way of thanking you, to confess I don't know how to thank you at all; and this Acknowledgment is more expressive of my Gratitude than all the Words in the World.

I am, SIR,

Your most obliged,

and most humble Servant.

LET-

LETTER To Ask ADVICE.

LETTER I.

SIR,

THERE is no State of Life so anxious as that of a Man who does not live according to the Dictates of his own Reason. It will seem odd to you, when I assure you that my Love of Retirement first of all brought me to Court; but this will be no Riddle, when I acquaint you that I placed myself here with a Design of getting so much Money as might enable me to purchase a handsome Retreat in the Country. At present my Circumstances enable me, and my Duty prompts me, to pass away the remaining Part of my Life in such a Retirement as I at first proposed to myself; but to my great Misfortune I have intirely lost the Relish of it, and should now return to the Country with greater Reluctance than I at first came to Court. I am so unhappy as to know, that what I am fond of are Trifles, and that what I neglect, is of the greatest Importance: In short, I find a Contest in my own Mind between Reason and Fashion. I remember you

you once told me, that I might live in the World, and out of it, at the same time. Let me beg of you to explain this Paradox more at large to me, that I may conform my Life, if possible, both to my Duty, and my Inclination.

I am, Sir,

Your most bumble

and most obedient Servant, &c.

LET.

LETTER
To Give
ADVICE.

LETTER I.

By Mons. *de St. Evremond.*

To Monsieur —

YOU acquaint me, Sir, that you are in Love with a Protestant Lady ; and that, were it not for the Difference of Religion, you could resolve to marry her. If you are of such a Temper, as not to be able to bear the Thought of being separated from your Wife in the other World, I advise you to marry a *Roman Catholic.* But if I were inclin'd to alter my Condition, I should willingly marry a Woman of a different Religion from my own : For I should be afraid, lest a Catholic thinking herself secure of possessing her Husband in the next World, should bethink herself of enjoying a Gallant in this.

Besides, I have an uncommon Thought, which, however, I believe to be true, *viz.* That the Protestant Religion is as advantageous to Husbands, as the Catholic is favourable to Lovers.

That

That Christian Liberty which the Protestants boast of, creates a certain Spirit of Resistance, which better secures the Women against the Insinuations of their Lovers: Whereas the Submission which the *Romish* Persuasion requires, does, in some Measure, incline them to suffer themselves to be overcome; and indeed, a Soul that can submit to grievous Penances, must needs give way to pleasureable Impressions.

A regular Life is the main Scope of the Reform'd Religion; and Regularity easily begets Virtue. The *Romish* makes Women far more devout, and Devotion easily turns into Love.

The one thinks it is sufficient to forbear what is forbidden; the other who admits of Works of Supererogation, allows herself some Irregularities, tho' forbidden, because she does a great deal of good which is not exacted from her.

With the first, the Church is a Security to Husbands, with the other, a Place of the greatest Danger, and indeed, the Objects of Mortification in our Churches, do frequently enough inspire Love. In the Picture, for Instance sake, of *Mary Magdalen*, the Representation of her Repentance, will, in old Women, raise an Idea of her austere Life; but the young will take it for a Languishment of her Passion; and whilst the good Mother designs to imitate the Saint in her Sufferings, the melting Daughter thinks only on the Sinner, and amorously revolves the Occasion of her Repentance.

Those penitent Ladies, who in a Convent mourn

mourn for the Sins they have committed in the World, are an Example for Pleasure, as well as for Grief: Nay, perhaps they beget a Confidence in sinning, by affording the Prospect of a Resource in repenting. A Woman does not separately contemplate Part of their Lives, but proposes the Whole to her Imitation; and giving herself up to Love while she is young, she reserves her Tears for the Comfort of her old Age. In that melancholy Period of Life, so very subject to Pain, 'tis a kind of Pleasure to mourn for one's Sins, or at least a Diversion for Tears, which should be bestow'd on one's Infirmities.

Then, say you, I am entirely safe with a Protestant; to which I answer what honest *Hippothadeus* said to *Panurge*: Yes, an't please God. He that's wise, trusts to Providence, depends upon it for his Security; and on himself for a quiet Mind.

LETTER II.

*By the Chevalier d'Her,
To Monsieur de d'O——.*

*Upon asking his Advice whether he should marry
a young Gentlewoman that was very beautiful,
but had no Fortune.*

DEAR COUSIN,

YOU little imagine what a severe Task you impose upon me, when you desire me to advise you in the present Posture of your Af-

Affairs. On the one Hand, you are up to the Ears in Love with a pretty young Lady ; and on the other, your Father sends you Word, that he will certainly disinherit you, if you marry her. To be plain with you, I don't know what Advice to give you. There are but two Ways for you to take, the Heroic, which is to prefer your Passion to every Thing else ; and the Prudent, which is, not to lose fifteen hundred Pounds a Year for a Mistress, tho' she was as beautiful as an Angel : Now you need only consult yourself to determine this Point. I make no Question but your Inclination leads you to act the Hero, but the Difficulty is not what you are at present, but what you may be hereafter. I would advise you to follow your Greatness of Soul, if you could be certain that it would never leave you : But the Mischief on it is, there is no relying upon it ; for perhaps, it may take its farewell of you, even before the Honey-moon is over. In short, a Man soon grows weary of playing the Hero ; but the Devil is in him that grows weary of a good Estate. You never yet saw fifteen hundred Pounds a Year make People forget their Vows, tho' Beauty, to its Mortification, has often seen it. I am sensible these Arguments will appear very gross to you : and that they are decry'd in all the metaphysic Systems of Love : Yet it vexes me, that the Experience which I have of this wicked World, will not permit me to recommend these Ideas to you, which I own to be much more noble and delicate, than those

th.t

that are built upon sordid Interest. 'Tis not my Fault, if I don't believe that Love is sufficient to make a Man happy: I should be glad to believe it with all my Heart: But why has Love deceiv'd so many Thousands of his Votaries before my Face, for whom he promised to provide so plentifully that they should want nothing? If he deceives us when he has his Arms at Liberty, I have much stronger Reason to believe he'll do it when he's manacled with a Family. You may flatter yourself perhaps, that you will find a thousand Charms, and all the obsequious Respect, that can be imagin'd, in the Person you are going to marry, because she owes all to the Man that sacrificed his Fortune to her. Take care that this be not the very Rock on which your Marriage splits. As the World goes at present, a Woman's Gratitude may easily fall short of the Obligation she has received, and yet it ought not to pass for a Prodigy. I should be very loth to marry a Woman, with whom I might have as just a Pretence to quarrel, as you will have with yours. In my Opinion, that Man is an unhappy Wretch indeed, who has any Matters of Complaint, besides those which Matrimony naturally furnishes of itself. A Woman, take her in the best Circumstances you can, has but too many Obligations to her Husband, why then should you involve her deeper in your Debt? Consider that this will make her much more your Wife than any other Woman could have been; and consequently render you less happy with her.

her. Besides, you can't imagine what a cruel Punishment it will be to you, that you dare never open your Lips to complain of her, but must carry on with Honour what you began in a foolish Freak. Thus you must always seem to be charm'd with her Behaviour, even at the very Time that you are angry with her in your Soul. For my Part, I make no Scruple to own to you, that I would not for all the World deprive myself of the Liberty of railing a little at my Wife, whenever I should have a Fancy that Way. Bestow a little Consideration upon these Reasons; but before you wholly determine yourself, abstain from reading Romances, and Books of that Nature, which will rather serve to feed than extinguish the Flame. Thus, Sir, I have sent you my Thoughts freely upon this Head, without persecuting you with a long Sermon, after the Manner of a choleric Father, or an ill-natur'd Uncle. I am not wise, or morose enough to pretend to speak to you in that Language. However, I fancy I have in a very little Compas told you all that needs be said to you on the Occasion, by People that are more wise or morose than,

SIR,

Your most humble,

and most obedient Servant, &c.

LETTER III.

To the same.

DEAR COUSIN,

YOUR Letter is wrote in the true Stile of a Lover, according to the Picture which you have sent me of your Mistress, *Venus* herself would be happy if she resembled her ; but what you chiefly admire in her, I mean her Wit, is the very Charm of which I should have the greatest Suspicion. Had she less than you represent, I could pardon your Attachment for her, but having so much Wit as she has, I am terribly afraid that she is too well acquainted with her own Interest not to see the Advantages which she may reap from your Passion. You'll always be rich, let Things happen as they will, at least in Comparison of her, who has nothing ; and let me tell you, that is enough to create Love in a sensible Woman : Therefore you ought to spare no Pains to unravel her real Sentiments. Are you govern'd by her ? Does she assume an Empire over you ? Or does she make Use of her Power to incline you to marry her, and to confirm you in the generous Resolution of being dis-inherited ? It is true I am a Fool to ask you these Questions. When a Man is in Love like you, he may be led any where, and yet know nothing of the Matter. But can't you shut the Eyes of your Love for a few Moments, and impartially examine the Procedure of

of your Mistress ? Don't be charm'd when she tells you, that she thinks herself unhappy in being the Occasion of this Difference between your Father and you ; that she's unworthy of so valuable a Sacrifice ; and that it would be more for your Interest to break with her, and never to see her again ; for these are meer Words, and though they may be inforced with a few Tears, yet they are only Words at best : But take Notice when she represents to you the Inconvenience of losing fifteen hundred Pounds a Year for her Sake, whether she does not avoid examining the Matter too closely ; whether she does not pass slightly over it, and at the same Time that she exhorts you to obey your Interest, whether she does not artfully insinuate some Reason to the contrary ; whether she does not yield with Pleasure to the Intreaties which you make her to talk no more on that Subject ; in short, whether she is not generous purely for the sake of seeming so, and whether she does not endeavour to appear honourable to you, without running any Hazard. She is at present in such a Situation, that she can't so much as commend a Greatness of Soul, without giving an infallible Proof that she deceives you ; and every Time she animates you in general Terms, to a sincere and dis-interested Affection, she plainly tells you that her own is not so. It is impossible she can love you, unless she exerts her utmost Endeavours to banish you for ever ; and in my Opinion, she can't give you a greater Testimony of her Indifference than by marrying

you. I am very sorry, Cousin, to have this Occasion to caution you against a Person who is so dear to you ; but was it only a Question in Love, meer Delicacy would engage you to a careful Examination of her Conduct ; but since your Fortune is likewise concern'd, I think it a sufficient Reason why you should redouble the Delicacy of your Observations. I am,

SIR,

*Your most humble,
and most obedient Servant, &c.*

LETTER IV.

To Monsieur —

The Chevalier de Méré advises a magnificent Appearance to great People only.

SIR,

YOU are pleased to acquaint me that you study nothing more than how to live with Honour, and to render yourself a worthy Man. The Person who firmly resolves to be so is one already ; but you who judge in a different Manner, and are not so easy to be satisfied, and indeed it is a Study in which you may make an infinite Progress : On this Occasion you are pleased to consult with me, as if I was capable of advising you. I heartily wish I was, and as a Testimony of my Sincerity, will conceal nothing from you. Your Question is whether a magnificent Appearance is

is commendable ? and I advise you not to hate it. It fits very well on the great ones of the World, such as Princes, Generals of Armies, and even Governours of Provinces ; for it would look with a very indifferent Air, and be altogether unworthy Persons in their public Characters, not to appear with their proper Marks of Distinction. But with Regard to private Persons, Pomp and Ostentation only serve to load them with Hatred and Envy ; and to embroil them in their private Affairs. Whereas a convenient and well regulated Train, with a modest and honourable Expence, make them both beloved and esteem'd. I have always thought that a compleat Gentleman should neither have too much nor too little Vanity. The most shining Action in the World is not Praise-worthy when it has Vanity for its Motive ; and even those, which proceed from a Principle of Vertue miss their Commendation, when they are in the least suspected of vain Glory. But to return, Sir, to private Persons, I never knew one in my Life, who reap'd any Advantage from a magnificent Appearance, and yet this is the only Way to make a Figure ; perhaps some one will cry, who finds himself blest with Abundance, and since I can so easily bear the Expence, what need I spare what is superfluous to me ? The Person who speaks this Language, will undoubtedly be cry'd up for a liberal Soul ; and yet the most sordid Wretches that I ever saw, argue exactly in the same Manner. The Reason of this is because they are as vain

as they are avaritious ; and I observe of these Sort of People, that if their Pride does not hinder them from following the Dictates of their Nature, they are guilty of more abject Basenesses than a Jew, and will stick at no kind of Injustice to support their Vain-glory. But to give a short Answer to the Gentleman who would appear so liberal, I affirm, that to make a Figure in his Sense of the Word, is nothing more than to make one Coxcomb stare at another. What remains after a reasonable Expence, is all the Riches he can boast, and such as will render his Life happy, if he has the Conduct to use them with Discretion. These are my Thoughts upon the Subject. I am,

SIR,

*Your most humble,
and most obedient Servant, &c.*

LETTER V.

By the Chevalier D'Her,

To Monsieur —

SIR,

DON'T ask me how I came by the Knowledge of what I am going to tell you, it is sufficient that I know it, and that I am capable of giving you good Advice. You love, and are beloved ; but then your Passion is of such a Nature as will infallibly destroy the Tenderness your Mistress has for you, insomuch that I dare venture a Wager, she won't

won't care a Farthing for you two Months hence. You are continually with her, and never lose Sight of her a Moment ; if any one comes to visit her, you soon make them sensible that you look upon them as Intruders ; and for whole Days together that you are with her, you talk of nothing but Love, and that in the most languishing and passionate Manner. Once again, if she cares a Farthing for you in two Months Time, I shall cry out a Miracle. The Lady at present has Love enough to keep Pace with you ; but you'll soon have exhausted all her Stock of Affection, and then you'll be surprised to find that she has no longer any for you. We have on both Sides but a certain Portion of Tenderness, which ought to be managed with Discretion, and which those who are unskill'd in the Science of Love, are apt to be too prodigal of. We complain of Absence, and we do no more than our Duty, when we complain. Nevertheless, if Absences are not over long, they are the greatest Services in the World to Lovers. They renew an old Flame, and receive a languishing one. It is true, it would be carrying the Matter too far, to procure them on purpose ; but when Chance has once thrown them in our Way, we ought to rail against them, and at the same Time to suspect that we may possibly have the greatest of Obligations to them. You are in the wrong to make such constant Use of the Liberty which you have to see your Mistress at any Hour, and for whole Days together. What you gain by this Affiduity, you'll lose

in the long-run of your Amour ; and find that you have lavish'd in a Day, what ought to have served you a Week. It is also a Fault of the same Kind, your talking of nothing but Love to the Person you admire. Whatever Pleasure she may take in hearing the Progress of your Passion, it is impossible but you must fall into a Multitude of Repetitions ; and Repetitions have a Faculty to tire, which they never lose. I dare fay, that after you are gone from her, the Lady breathes with more Freedom, though she mayn't perceive it herself. The Art to support an amorous Conversation, is to take Care that it is not always amorous. Some little Excursions are absolutely necessary, after which the Return to your Passion will be the more agreeable. But what I can by no Means pardon you, is your continual Languor. Recollect, I beseech you, that Women would have us love them, but at the same Time they would have us divert them, and he that does the one without the other does nothing at all ; nay they had rather perhaps be diverted without being loved, than loved without being diverted. Languor has its proper Seasons, but when it is perpetual, it turns to Stupidity. In his Conduct a Lover ought to be serious and uniform ; but it is for his Interest to be sometimes gay in his Conversation. By the one he persuades and by the other he pleases ; and to please is commonly of more Value than to persuade. Fewer Conquests have been made by Fidelity, than by an agreeable Address. Nay, I don't know whe-

whether in Time poor Fidelity mayn't come to be reckon'd a Fault. It is certain it will never suffice of itself without some other Qualities to recommend it; nor will it cost you much Pains to make yourself Master of these Qualifications, since you need only become the same Person you was before you fell in Love. You have the Vice of plunging yourself too deeply in Love, and when you are once in, of being merely a Lover and nothing else; but you should live as well as love. Adieu, my dear Count, think yourself oblig'd to me for the Advice I give; for if I consulted my own Interest, I should leave you to put an End to an Amour which engrosses you from your Friends. I am,

SIR,

*Your most bumble, and
Most obedient Servant, &c.*

LETTER VI.

To the same.

HAD you follow'd my Advice, my dear Count, you would have been rid of the Trouble of it; but I was inform'd the other Day, that you complain continually, and that you are likewise inclin'd to be jealous. Don't imagine that these are Faults which I can possibly wink at. You are undoubtedly beloved, and that in the most tender Manner. Upon what then is your Jealousy founded? Upon my Delicacy you say. It is certainly good to be delicate, but not to cavil. Complaints of

Delicacy are the Food of Love, but a Spirit of cavilling destroys it. You are one of those who think they never ought to acknowledge themselves happy, to the Person who makes them so, and don't know what Name to give to a Woman whom they have no Room to call cruel and inhuman. But take care you don't exasperate her by the little Credit you give to those Marks of Tenderness which she shews you, and that she does not resent your not taking her Word when she tells you she loves you. A Lover ought immediately to agree that he is beloved when he is really so; but if he will absolutely complain, he may reserve a little Fund of Complaints on the Subject of more or less Tenderness. But even then his Reproaches must be attended with the most amiable Transports, and not with a morose and uneasy Air. A Man always makes a scurvy Figure when he complains, and betrays a Weakness which he can't be too cautious in hiding from the Person he loves. But of all Complaints the most insupportable are those which proceed from a jealous Temper. Was I a Woman, such insignificant Reproaches would provoke me to throw a Man out at Window. As for myself, I have either Esteem enough for those I love, to believe they can neither change, nor divide their Affection; or else I care so little for them, that neither the one nor the other would give me any Un-easiness; so that 'tis impossible, I should ever be jealous. I am very sensible that, absolutely speaking, I may chance to be deceived; but

but then there are certain Assurances which ought to lull one asleep. If you believe indeed that Love ought to be a Frenzy, and that two Persons under Pretence of loving, should torment each other perpetually, and haunt one another like two vengeful Ghosts ; I have no more to say ; but for my Part, I have more pleasing Ideas, and would willingly reconcile my Love to my Repose. Neither must you imagine that your Complaints will always be look'd upon as Marks of your Tenderness. Love indeed would have the Honour of them, if they happened but seldom ; but when they once come to be frequent, you may depend upon their being charged to the natural Uneasiness of your Temper. There is a certain Medium which must be observed in all Things, even in Love itself, notwithstanding so little Reason is to be found in it. I am,

MY DEAR COUNT,

Your most obedient,

and most humble Servant, &c.

LETTER VII.

To Monsieur —

SIR,

TAKE my Advice, my dear Friend, and let me hear no more Encomiums on *Mdemoiselle de ——* ; I grant you that she is handsome, and of a good Family and Fortune ; but then I have observed that she has not the least Inclination in the World to love you, and that Defect alone, ought in your Mind, to

fully all her other Perfections ; for why should you set a Value on Wealth and Beauty, which must never be yours. I am very sensible, my dear Friend, that the Truths which I tell you are by no Means agreeable, but the Friendship I have for you obliges me to speak thus freely for your Service. You know very well that I am of a sociable Temper, that I love the World, and that I always thought the Ladies the most agreeable Part of it. Yet I never pay my Court where my Conversation is displeasing, and should be very sorry to find myself with a Woman, who being prepossessed in Favour of another, could endure no Visits, but such as had Relation to her Passion. In my Opinion, your Charmer is engaged, and therefore you can't do better than to leave her to herself, and to say with *Sarrafis* :

*Chloris, if thy Favourites be
Those gay Fops which rival me,
I'll love those who rival thee!* } }

In short, my dear Friend, it is acting a very disagreeable Part, to sigh for a Person who thinks herself persecuted by our Sighs, and who won't so much as vouchsafe a Look to the Complaisance we shew for every thing that concerns her. I wish, with all my Heart, you would think of employing your Time better, and that you would not make me lose mine in advising you. It is true indeed, that a Wit of my Acquaintance, gave this Answer to a Lady who consulted him :

Why

*Why superfluous Advice
Should I urge in vain to you ?
If your own Reason won't suffice,
Neither will another's do.*

But do you make use of which you please ; it will be sufficient if you make use of either. The Effect will be the same, whether your Resolution proceeds from me or yourself. Let me intreat you not to deceive my Expectation, and believe me,

SIR,
*Your most humble,
and most obedient Servant, &c.*

LETTER VIII.

To Monsieur de Montrevil.

Costar advises him to divide his Time betwixt Pleasure and Busines.

YOUTH, Sir, may pursue both Pleasure and Busines; but old Age is neither capable of the one nor the other; and the Bloom of Life is as remarkable for the Shortness of its Duration, as it is for the Charms which attend it. Wherefore our Pleasures ought not to hinder us a Moment in the Pursuit of our Fortunes, neither should the Care of our Fortunes interfere with our Pleasures. The greatest Part of Mankind lose the Enjoyment of the Blessings they possess, for uncertain Expectations ; and deprive themselves of the

the most solid Comforts of Life for Opinion and vain Glory. The Voluptuous commonly act a contrary Part, and are too fond of the present, to have any Regard to the future ; though they never think of Death, yet they live To-day as if they were to die To-morrow ; nor once consider this necessary Maxim ; that we ought to fly those short Enjoyments which are attended with a Length of Pain ; and chuse those little Inconveniences which are recompensed with a Length of Pleasure. The greatest Part of true Wisdom is contain'd in these Words ; and I congratulate the Progress you have made in this Science, since I had the Happiness of seeing you last. I foresee that you will one Day outstrip your Masters, and that I shall have Lessons from you myself. I wish it with all my Heart, and am,

SIR,

*Your most humble,
and most obedient Servant, &c.*

LETTER IX.

By the same.

To Madam ——

He advises her to leave the Country.

MADAM,

YOU won't believe the Advice we give you, because you judge it to be self interested ; and therefore refuse to hear us when we

we tell you that the Town and good Company are more proper to cure a violent Affliction than the Country, and especially after Solitude has given the Wound the first dressing. Nevertheless, though our Reasons may appear weak to you, yet our Intreaties ought to have Weight enough not to be slightly rejected. Return then, Madam, at least return at the time you gave us Leave to hope for you. Your Grief is undoubtedly just; but your Affection is so likewise; and you must be unjust to neither. Consider what you owe to the three excellent Persons who divided your Tenderness. They at least deserve that you should prefer their Company to that of a Melancholy which kills you, and which can never give you back what you have lost. I am very sensible that the Arguments I advance are common; but there are certain Remedies for the Mind as well as for the Body; and generally speaking the most common are none of the worst. I am,

MADAM,

Your most humble,

and most obedient Servant, &c.

LETTER X.

To a young Gentleman, to incline him to his Studies.

SIR,

I Dare venture to affirm that a wise Man is as much superior to an ignorant Person, as a Man

a Man is above the Level of a Brute. Wherefore you can't do better than to apply yourself seriously to the Cultivation of your Mind ; to which Purpose nothing will contribute more, than your prescribing yourself a regular Method of Study. The Morning is undoubtedly more proper for Reading than any other Part of the Day ; because the Mind is then free and disengaged, and unclouded by those Vapours which we generally find after a full Meal. Nevertheless, I would not effect to read over a Multitude of Volumes, nor read with Greediness ; I would rather chuse to read a little, and digest it. Neither would I regard the Number, so much as the Choice of my Books, &c.

LETTER XI.

Out of Quevedo, by Mr. Savage.

To his Poetical Friend, advising him to study the Mathematics.

AT length, my Friend, I begin to awake out of those Dreams and Visions, into which the reading of Verses and Poems has so long plunged me. My middle Years put all those Delusions to a Stand ; and I have now some moderate Esteem for other Thoughts besides Images and Descriptions. I am not in my former Extasies at every Metaphor, and can almost bear the Rapture of a fine Turn. Poetry, believe me, leads the Reader, as well as the

the Knight, into an enchanted World. The Objects there are all dress'd in false Colours, and nothing appears in its due Proportion. But if it deceives us in all Things abroad, what Disorders and Confusions does it raise at home? By feeding the Mind with Delicacies, it makes it mad after Pleasure, and lets all the Passions loose upon us. Our Joys it blows up too high, and makes our Griefs sit heavier; and what is yet worse, it kindles in us that foolish Passion, Love, the Ruin of our Ease, and Dotage even in Youth.

Whereas Mathematics improves all our Faculties, makes the Judgment stronger, and the Memory take in more. The Dull, it teaches to perceive, and the giddy to attend. It distinguishes between true and false, and inures us to Difficulties: Besides, it gives us a thousand Advantages in Life. By this the Miser counts his Bags, and the Countryman knows his Time and Seasons. This gives our Cannon Aim in War, and in Peace furnishes every Workman with his Tools. How many noble Engines has it invented? In one, the Wind labours for us, and another turns Bogs and Pools into firm Land. This builds us Houses, defends our Towns, and makes the Sea useful. Nor are its Effects less wonderful than advantageous. The Mathematician can do more Things than any Poet ever conceived. He, in a Map, can contract *Asia* to a Span, and in a Glass shew a City to a single House, and an Army to a Man. He can set the Heavens a thousand Years forward, and call

call all the Stars by their Names. There is scarce any Thing beyond his Reach; he can gage the Channel of the Sea, and weigh *Saturn*. He sees farthest into the Art and Skill of the Creator, and can write the best Comment on the six Days Work.

Be advised therefore to employ yourself rather in improving your Understanding, than in debauching your Passions, and to prefer Realities before Appearances. In my Mind, to make a Dial, is harder than to find a Motto to it; and a Prospect drawn in Lines, pleasanter than one in Words. Instead of Descriptions of cool Groves and flowery Gardens, you may inform yourself of the Situation and Extent of Empires; and while others are wandering in *Elysian Fields*, and fancy'd Shades below, you may raise your Thoughts to the Infinity of Space above, and visit all those Worlds that shine upon us here: Think most of *Mercury*, when he is farthest off the Sun, and mind little in *Venus* but her periodic Motion.

To let you see I have got the Start of you, I now follow the old Rule of *Nulla Dies sine Linea*, and am so far advanced in Geometry, that I defy any Man to make a rounder Circle, or cut a Line in two, more nicely than myself. I am well versed in Squares, am no Stranger to the Doctrine of Proportion, and have transposed A, B, C, D, in all the Mathematical Anagrams they are capable of. My Chamber I have survey'd five Times over, and have at length found out a convenient Place

Place for a South-Dial. I am at present about a Bargain of Pins, which you shall soon see disposed into Bastions and Counterscarps. I felt at first, I must confess, a great Confusion in my Head between Rhymes and Angles, Fiction and Demonstration. But at length, *Virgil* has resign'd to *Euclid*, and Poetical Feet and Numbers, to their Namesakes in Geometry and Arithmetic. In short, I write altogether upon Slate, where I make all Parallels instead of Couplets, and describe nothing but a Circle.

Let me for the future therefore catch no Poet in your Hands, unless it be *Aratus* or *Dionysius*, and follow my Counsel, unless you can make one of these Studies subservient to the other, your Poetry, wise and learned, and your Mathematics, pleasant and ingenious. I am,

SIR,

Yours, &c.

L E T -

LETTERS

OF

MORALITY.

LETTER I.

To Mr. —

DEAR SIR,

YOU have obliged me with a very kind Letter; by which I find you shift the Scene of your Life from the Town to the Country, and enjoy that mix'd State which Men both delight in and are qualified for. Methinks most of the Philosophers and Moralists have run too much into Extreams, in praising intirely either Solitude or public Life; in the former Men generally grow useless by too much Rest, and in the latter are destroy'd by too much Precipitation; as Waters lying still putrify and are good for nothing; and running violently on, do but the more Mischief in the Passage to others, and are swallow'd up and lost the sooner themselves. Those, who, like you, can make themselves useful to all States, should be like gentle Streams, that not only glide through lonely Vales and Forests, amidst the Flocks and Shepherds, but visit

visit populous Towns in their Course, and are at once an Ornament and Service to them. But there is another sort of People who seem design'd for Solitude, those I mean, who have more to hide than to shew; as for my own part, I am one of those whom *Seneca* fays, *Tam umbratiles sunt, ut putent in turbido esse quicquid in luce est.* Some Men, like Pictures, are fitter for a Corner than a full Light; and I believe such as have a natural Bent to Solitude, are like Waters which may be forced into Fountains, and exalted to a great Height, may make a much nobler Figure, and a much louder Noise, but after all run more smoothly, equally and plentifully, in their own natural Course upon the Ground. The Consideration of this would make me very well contented with the Possession only of that Quiet which *Cowley* calls the Companion of Obscurity; but whoever has the Muses too for his Companion, can never be idle enough to be uneasy. Thus, Sir, you see I would flatter myself into a good Opinion of my own Way of living; *Plutarch* just now told me, that it is in human Life as in a Game at Tables, one may wish he had the highest Cast, but if his Chance be otherwise, he is even to play it as well as he can, and make the best of it. I am,

SIR,

*Your most obliged,
and most humble Servant.*

LET-

LETTER II.

To Monsieur —

The Necessity of being prepared for Death.

DEAR SIR,

I Entirely agree with you, that we ought no longer to desire those Things we have been fond of ; and all my Care at present is to wean myself from my Passions. To me all my Days are comprised in the present ; for though I don't look upon it as my last, yet I consider it as capable of being so ; and therefore endeavour to be ready if Death should call. I enjoy Life, because I am not anxious to leave it, and am only solicitous to die well ; and to die well, is to die without Regret. I am,

SIR,

Your obedient humble Servant.

LETTER III.

To Monsieur —

Against the Waste of Time.

DEAR SIR,

Converse often with yourself ; and n ihe lavish your Time, nor suffer othe's to rob you of it. Many of our Hours are stolen from us, and others pass insensibly away ; but of both these Losses, the most shameful is that which happens through our own Neglect. If we

we take the Trouble to observe, we shall find that one considerable Part of our Life is spent in doing Evil, and the other in doing Nothing, or in doing what we should not do. We don't seem to know the Value of Time, nor how precious a Day is ; nor do we consider, that every Moment brings us nearer to our End. What deceives us, is our looking upon Death to be always at a Distance, even when he is at the Door. Reflect upon this I intreat you, and keep a strict Account of your Time. Procrastination is the most dangerous Thing in Life. Nothing is properly ours but the Time present, and all the rest is nothing ; 'tis the only Good we possess ; but then it is fleeting, and the first Comer robs us of it. Men are so weak that they think they oblige by giving of Trifles, and yet reckon that Time as nothing, for which the most grateful Person in the World can never make amends. I am,

SIR,

*Your most obedient
Humble Servant.*

LETTER IV.

To Monsieur —

Not to live, but to live well is the Advantage.

DEAR SIR,

OUR Days and Hours are always on the Wing : Infancy and Youth pass away like

like a Dream ; and when we come to Old Age we see before us the Goal to which all Men are hastening. The Generality of Mankind look upon it as a Rock, upon which they are to suffer Shipwreck : But this is a Mistake ; it is rather a Port which we should by no Means desire to avoid ; and those who arrive there loaded with Years, have no more Reason to complain than a Mariner who after a long Voyage is just entering the Harbour. There are Calms at Sea, which weary while they detain us, and there are violent Winds which drive us with Rapidity on the Coast to which we are bound. It is exact the same with Respect to Life : Some finish their Course with surprizing Swiftness, while others delay 'till old Age overtakes them, which is not always to be wish'd ; for it is not to live, but to live well, that is the Advantage. A wise Man would chuse to live as long as he ought, rather than as long as he can ; and would consider the Goodness more than the Length of his Life. I am,

SIR,

Your obedient

Humble Servant.

L E T -

LETTER V.

To Monsieur —

*Examples of Ingratitude ought not to hinder us
from doing of Good.*

DEAR SIR,

YOU complain to me that you have met with an ungrateful Person ; and if this is the first Time, I think you are extreamly obliged to your Prudence or good Fortune. But if you resolve to do no Favours for the Future, for fear of making more Monsters of the same Kind, I must tell you that your Caution is a Vice ; and that you ought not to neglect doing good, out of any Apprehension that it will not be acknowledged. Believe me, Sir, 'tis better to meet with Ingratitude than to incourage Ill-nature. Though we see a bad Crop, yet we sow the Ground in its proper Season ; and the Barrenness of one Year is abundantly recompensed by the Fruitfulness of another. Besides, there is so much Satisfaction in meeting with a truly grateful Person that it is richly worth the Hazard. I am,

SIR,

Your obedient humble Servant.

G L E T -

LETTER XVI.

To Mr. —— M. T.

SIR,

A S I walked the other Day in a fine Garden, and observed the great Variety of Improvements in Plants and Flowers beyond what they otherwise would have been, I was naturally led into a Reflexion upon the Advantages of Education, or modern Culture; how many good Qualities in the Mind are lost, for want of the like due Care in nursing and skilfully managing them; how many Virtues are choak'd, by the multitude of Weeds which are suffered to grow among them; how many excellent Parts are often starved and useless, by being planted in a wrong Soil; and how very seldom do these moral Seeds produce the noble Fruits which might be expected from them, by a Neglect of proper manuring, necessary pruning, and an artful Management of our tender Inclinations and first Spring of Life: These obvious Speculations made me at length conclude, that there is a sort of vegetable Principle in the Mind of every Man when he comes into the World. In Infants the Seeds lie buried and undiscovered, till after a while they sprout forth in a kind of rational *Leaves*, which are *Words*; and in due Season the *Flowers* begin to appear in variety of beautiful Colours, and all the gay Pictures of youthful Fancy and Imagination; at last the *Fruit* knits and is formed,

formed, which is green, perhaps, first, and four, unpleasant to the Taste, and not fit to be gathered, till ripen'd by due Care and Application, it discovers itself in all the noble Productions of Philosophy, Mathematics, close Reasoning, and handsome Argumentation ; and these Fruits, when they arrive at just Maturity, and are of a good Kind, afford the most vigorous Nourishment to the Minds of Men. I reflected farther on the intellectual Leaves before mention'd, and found almost as great a Variety among them as in the vegetable World. I could easily observe the smooth shining *Italian* Leaves ; the nimble *French* Aspen always in Motion ; the *Greek* and *Latin* Ever-greens ; the *Spanish* Myrtle ; the *English* Oak ; the *Scotch* Thistle ; the *Irish* Shombrogue ; the prickly *German* and *Dutch* Holly ; the *Polish* and *Russian* Nettle ; besides a vast Number of Exotics, imported from *Asia*, *Africa*, *America*. I saw several barren Plants, which bore only Leaves, without any Hopes of Flower or Fruit ; the Leaves of some were fragrant and well-shaped, of others ill-scented and irregular. I wonder'd at a set of old whimsical Botanists, who spent their whole Lives in the Contemplation of some withered *Ægyptian*, *Coptic*, *Armenian*, or *Chinese* Leaves, while others made it their Business to collect in voluminous Herbals, all the several Leaves of some one Tree. The Flowers afforded a most diverting Entertainment, in a wonderful Variety of Figures, Colours, and Scents ; however, most of them

wither'd soon, or at best are but Annuals. Some professed Florists make them their constant Study and Employment, and despise all Fruit; and now and then a few fanciful People spend all their Time in the Cultivation of a single Tulip or a Carnation; but the most agreeable Amusement seems to be the well choosing, mixing, and binding together these Flowers in pleasing Nosegays to present to Ladies. The Scent of *Italian* Flowers is observed, like their other Perfume, to be too strong, and to hurt the Brain; that of the *French* with glaring gaudy Colours, yet faint and languid; *German* and *Northern* Flowers have little or no Smell, or sometimes an unpleasant one. The Antients had a Secret to give a lasting Beauty, Colour, and Sweetness to some of their choice Flowers, which flourish to this Day, and which few of the Moderns can effect. These are becoming enough and agreeable in their Season, and do often handsomely adorn an Entertainment; but an over Fondness of them seems to be a Disease. It rarely happens to find a Plant vigorous enough, to have (like an Orange-tree) at once beautiful shining Leaves, fragrant Flowers, and delicious nourishing Fruit.

I am,

SIR,

Yours, &c.

LE T-

LETTERS

WITH A

PRES E N T.

LETTER I.

Pliny to Quintilian.

THOUGH I am fully acquainted with the Contentment and just Moderation of your Mind, and the Conformity, the Education you have given your Daughter bears to your own Character; yet since she is suddenly to be married to a Person of Distinction, whose Figure in the World makes it necessary for her to be at a more than ordinary Expence in Cloaths and Equipage, suitable to her Husband's Quality; by which, tho' her intrinsic Worth be not augmented, yet will it receive both Ornament and Lustre; and knowing your Estate to be as moderate as the Riches of your Mind are abundant, I must challenge to myself some part of the Burden; and as a Parent of your Child, I present her with twelve hundred and fifty Crowns towards these Expences; which Sum had been much larger, had I not feared the Smalness of it would be the greater Inducement with you to accept of it. *Farewel.*

LETTER II.

By Mons. de St. Evremond.

To the Dutches of *Mazarin*.

AS all the World gives you Fruit, I will not be the only Person that gives you none. Receive Peaches from a Man who has no Garden, with as good a Heart as he gives you them. I ought not to have made use of the Word Heart; that Word ought no more to come out of the Mouth of a Man of my Age, than that of Health. But without Heart, and without Health.

I am, &c.

LETTER III.

To the same.

MADAM,

MY Lord *Godolphin*, having Business which he must necessarily attend, and not being able to go a fishing according to Appointment, that Diversion is put off to another Time. My Lord *Ranelagh* has undertaken to acquaint you of it; but however, for the more Security, I write you Word of it myself. The first of these Lords, has sent me six Rabbets, in order to deliver them to you; one would imagine I was speaking of a Letter. The Pacquet being large, I have kept one Rabbet to pay the Carriage, or rather the Duty of Intelligence. I wish

wish all Givers of Intelligence, were as modest in their Fees as I am in mine ; one in six is little enough in all Conscience. My Lord *Arran* either would not, or could not explain to me the *English* which is in your Letter ; he says he is unhappy in Love, unsuccessful in Courtship, and goes backward in Politics ; and that King *James* is not more unhappy in losing his three Kingdoms, than he is in having no farther Admission into your House. As I am not very lucky in ending my Letters, I shall say bluntly, *Hasta.*

LETTER IV.

By the same.

To Madam *de la Perrine.*

MADAM,

MONSIEUR *Rouviere* has obtained your good Graces for two Jonquils ; one of my Age ought to make you a more considerable Present ; wherefore I send you five. I should not be in pain about Favours, if I knew how to make a good Use of them. Pray send me Word what you are to do after Dinner.

LETTER V.

To Madam —

With a Looking-Glass after having broke hers.

MADAM,

I Rather make you a Restitution than a Present ; and though what I send you may seem of a trifling Value ; yet if you look attentively upon it ; it will shew you one of the most charming Objects in the World. To keep you no longer in Suspense, you will see there the Picture of my Mistress. I should not care to make this Discovery to another Person ; but think I may venture to confide in you without being thought indiscreet. I must tell you that you'll see there two charming Eyes ; such Eyes as are worth a thousand others ; but then I must confess they are very mischievous. I know you have an absolute Power over them, and that they are entirely at your Disposal. Wherefore I take the Liberty of beseeching you to order the Matter so, that I may be no longer a Sufferer by them, which will infinitely oblige,

MADAM,

Your most humble,

and most obedient Servant, &c.

T 2 1

LET-

L E T T E R VI.^MBy the Chevalier *d'Her.*

To Madam —

With a Paper of Vermillion.

MADAM,

YOU do me a great deal of Honour in trusting me with the Care of Mademoiselle *N*——'s Complexion. I have sent you by the Bearer, a Paper of the finest Vermillion in *Paris*, and wish with all my Heart she may find it to her liking, and that the Marquis may be deceived by it. But if you are continually seen together, let me tell you, my Vermillion will be of little Service to your Friend, since your Complexion will fully hers, more than my Paint can embellish it. Wherefore, if you would act the generous Part, Madam, you must use a little of what I have sent yourself, that you may appear less handsome, and that Mademoiselle *N*——'s Beauty mayn't be altogether lost in the Lustre of yours. It may, perhaps, be also for your Interest; for as you have a Carnation infinitely more lively than that of your Friend, the World will be apt to suspect yours to be artificial, and hers natural. As soon as I have the Pleasure of seeing her, I shan't fail being one of the first to admire what I have bought; which is assuring you in a Word, that I shall

[130]

inviolably keep your Secret, and that I am,

MADAM,

Your most humble,

and most obedient Servant.

LETTER VII.

By *Voiture.*

To *Mademoiselle de Rambouillet.*

With a Posey of Flowers.

MADAM,

SINCE my Addresses to you are all honourably meant, I think there is no sort of Gallantry which I may not safely practise, and having troubled you before with my Verses, I conclude there can be no great Harm in sending you a Posey. It is a Present which the Gods have sometimes vouchsafed to receive from Men; and since Flowers are the purest and noblest Productions of the Earth, to whom can they be offered with more Justice, than to yourself? At least, you ought to love them for this Consideration, that there is not one Flower amongst them all, whose Beauty is not accompanied by some efficacious Virtue; but tho' they are the Daughters of *Sol* and *Aurora*, and out-rival Pearls and Diamonds in their Lustre; I am confident they will lose all their Brightness as soon as they come near you, and that you will

will soon make it appear that no Beauty on Earth is comparable to your own. I am,

MADAM,

With the most profound Respect,

Your most humble,

and most obedient Servant.

LETTER VIII.

Mademoiselle — to her youngest Sister —

With a Head-dress.

DEAR SISTER,

HAVING a new Head-dress brought me home just now, which for the Fashion of it seems not unworthy of you, I have sent it you for a New-Year's-Gift. As you have, without any Compliment, a great deal of Beauty; and as you know how to give a new Turn to every Thing you wear, as well as to every Thing you say, it cannot chuse but become you extreamly. I hope you'll receive it with the same Pleasure I send it, and that you'll do me the Favour to believe me,

Your most affectionate Sister,

and humble Servant.

LETTERS

OF

RECOMMENDATION.

LETTER I.

Pliny to Maximus.

WHAT I should gladly do for any Friend of yours, I think I may now with Confidence request for a Friend of mine. *Arranus Maturius* is the most considerable Man of his Country; when I call him so, I do not speak with relation to his Fortune, tho' that is very plentiful, but to his Integrity, Justice, Gravity, and Prudencē; his Advice is useful to me in Busines, and his Judgment in Matters of Learning: His Fidelity, Truth, and good Understanding, are very great; besides this, he loves me as you do, than which I cannot say any Thing that signifies a warmer Affection. He has nothing that's aspiring; and tho' he might rise to the highest Order of Nobility, he keeps himself in an inferior Rank; yet I think myself bound to use my Endeavours to serve and promote him; and would therefore find the Means of adding something to his Honours, while he neither expects nor knows it, nay, tho' he should

should refuse it. Something, in short I would have for him that may be honourable, but not troublesome ; and I intreat that you will procure him the first Thing of this Kind that offers, by which you will not only oblige me, but him also ; for tho' he does not covet it ; I know he will be as grateful in acknowledging your Favour as if he had asked it.

Yours, &c.

LETTER II.

Horace to Claudius Nero.

SIR,

SEPTIMIUS, who waits upon you with this, is very well acquainted with the Place you are pleased to allow me in your Friendship. For when he beseeches me to recommend him to your Notice, in such a Manner as to be received by you, who are delicate in the Choice of your Friends and Domestics, he knows our Intimacy, and understands my Ability to serve him better than I do myself. I have defended myself against his Ambition to be yours, as long as I possibly could ; but fearing the Imputation of hiding my Power in you, out of mean and selfish Considerations, I am at last prevailed upon to give you trouble. Thus, to avoid the Appearance of a greater Fault, I have put on this Confidence. If you can forgive this Transgression of Modesty in behalf of a Friend, receive this Gentleman into your Interests and Friendship, and take it

it from me that he is an honest and a brave Man.

LETTER III.

To the Lord Bishop of Nantz.

Balzac recommends a Kinsman to him.

MY LORD,

THE Gentleman who waits upon your Lordship with this Letter, is my near Kinsman ; but one who is much nearer to me in Friendship, than in Blood, Wherefore I intreat your Lordship to shew him, that whatever I espouse is not a Matter of Indifference to you ; and that you will do him those Favours for my Sake, which you would do him for his own, had he the Honour to be known to you. I am,

MY LORD,

With the greatest Respect,

Your Lordship's, &c.

LETTER IV.

To the President of Nefnond.

In Favour of a Lady.

SIR,

NOTHING but Madam —— herself should have hindered my waiting on you at Paris, to have sollicited you in her Favour.

your. But she is pleased, Sir, not to make use of all the Power she has over me ; and is contented with doing me the Honour to desire I would write to you in her Behalf ; which I do with as much Zeal, as if my whole Fortune depended on the Success she expects from your Justice. It is therefore no longer her Affair which I recommend to you, but my own Interests which I put into your Hands ; and of all the numerous Obligations I have to you, this will be the greatest. I am,

SIR,

*Your most humble
and most obedient Servant.*

LETTER V.

To Madam *Du Fos.*

Balzac recommends a Friend to her.

MADAM,

AS I know how powerful you are at Persuasion, I have not promised Monsieur that you'll endeavour to serve him ; but I have absolutely assured him that you'll gain him his Cause, and have pawn'd my Credit for your Success. I could tell you in his Favour, that he shall thank you in five or six Languages, and that he is a Person of extraordinary Merit ; but I shall only add, Madam, that he is my particular Friend, and that he speaks in your Praise wherever he goes. Wherefore if you

you have any Regard, either to my Recommendation or your own Glory, you'll send him back entirely satisfied. I heartily wish it, and am,

MADAM,

*Your most humble, and
Most obedient Servant.*

LETTER VI.

To Monsieur *D'Aiguebonne.*

Monsieur Arnaud recommends his Son to him.

SIR,

I Shall not injure our Friendship so far as to recommend the Bearer of this to you : When I tell you he is my Son. I know you will use him as if he had the Honour to be your own ; and that I have nothing to do but to thank you beforehand for the Favours he will receive from you. I am,

SIR,

*Your most humble,
and most obedient Servant.*

A N.

ANSWERS TO LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

LETTER I.

To Monsieur —

Balzac tells him, that he has done all in his Power to serve Mademoiselle N —.

SIR,

I Have obeyed your Commands, and have omitted nothing I could think of to give them Success. 'Tis impossible you can interest yourself in any Thing which does not concern me; and I have so much Esteem for Mademoiselle N — that I only wish I may be as happy in serving her, as she has Merit to deserve it. I have spoke of her Affair to the Governor, and he has promised me it shall be ended in a few Days, and in the Manner you desire. I am,

SIR,

Your most humble
and most obedient Servant.

LET-

LETTER II.

To Monsieur —
 Colstar promises to serve him in the Affair he
 has recommended to him.

SIR,

I Have always had a very particular Friendship for you, and the greatest Satisfaction I could have, would be to give you some convincing Proof of it: But the Affair which you at present recommend to me, tho' I promise to serve you to the utmost of my Power, will afford me no such Opportunity. As your Cause is a just one, Friendship can have no Concern in it; and I have Reason to fear that you can never be brought to ask any Thing of a different Kind. I must own this increases my Esteem for you, tho' at the same Time it gives me Uneasiness, that I have no Opportunity of shewing you, how much I am,

SIR,

Yours, &c.

LET-

LETTER

OF

INVITATION.

LETTER I.

By *M. de St. Evremond.*

To the Duchess of *Mazarin.*

YOU will be so kind, if you please, to come at Two o'Clock to the Parlour, whither you did not disdain to come in the Marquis *de Crequi's* Time. There you will find a little Space covered with sweet Herbs, I think my Lord *Ranelagh* promised to be there. I formerly had the Reputation of knowing good Wine, and good Eating very well: As to Fruit, I confess my Ignorance, and I am too old to learn new Knowledge; too happy, if I have not forgot that which I have already learnt. To honour your Grace is what knows, and shall always know,

Yours, &c.

LET.

LETTER II.

To Monsieur —
 Costar promises to serve him in the Affair he
 has recommended to him.

SIR,

I Have always had a very particular Friendship for you, and the greatest Satisfaction I could have, would be to give you some convincing Proof of it: But the Affair which you at present recommend to me, tho' I promise to serve you to the utmost of my Power, will afford me no such Opportunity. As your Cause is a just one, Friendship can have no Concern in it; and I have Reason to fear that you can never be brought to ask any Thing of a different Kind. I must own this increases my Esteem for you, tho' at the same Time it gives me Uneasiness, that I have no Opportunity of shewing you, how much I am,

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Yours, &c.

LET-

LETTERS

OF

CONGRATULATION.

LETTER I.

To the Marquis *De Pisani.*

Voiture congratulates him on the Reputation he had acquired.

SIR,

HAD I Ingratitude enough to be capable of forgetting you, yet the Noise you make in the World is so great, that it would be impossible not to desire to preserve the good Graces of a Person who is every where so highly commended. I am extreme glad of the Reputation you acquir'd in the last Rencounter before *Arras*; and tho' I always had the same Opinion of your Courage, which every one has at present; yet, I frankly own Sir, that the general Esteem you are in, has a little heighten'd the Affection I had for you, and must confess a kind of Vanity in loving a Person who is praised by all the World. My Satisfaction would be compleat, was it not troubled by the Fear I am in for your Person. Nor is this Fear ill grounded; for Valour is a dangerous Virtue, and as far as I can find, you

you are no better a Manager of your Person, than you are of any Thing else. 'Tis this, Sir, that gives me a continual Alarm, and the Fear I have of losing the best and most illustrious of my Friends, makes me still more apprehensive for your Safety. Nevertheless I have a great deal of Confidence in your good Fortune. My Heart tells me it has still a large Progress to make; and, that I shall be happier in the Friendship with which you honour me, than I have been in many others. I wish it with all my Soul, and am,

SIR,
Your most humble, &c.

LETTER II.

By *Voiture*.

To the Duke of Enguin, upon his taking of Dunkirk.

MY LORD,

I Am so far from being surpriz'd at your having taken *Dunkirk*, that I believe you would take the Moon if you once attempted it. Nothing is impossible to you, and I am only in Pain what to say to your Highness on the Occasion. The Honour of your Favour, in this glorious Conjunction, is certainly a singular Happiness; but then 'tis a very troublesome one to us Wits, who are obliged to congratulate your Successes, and to be every Day inventing new Panegyrics. If you would

but

but have the Goodnes to suffer yourself to be beat sometimes, or to rise from before some Town, we might find some fine Thing or another to say to you on the Inconstancy of Fortune, and the Glory of bearing her Malice bravely. But having equall'd *Alexander* at your very first setting out, and rising upon us continually, we can no longer imagine any Thing which does not fall short of your Highness's Merit. Eloquence, which magnifies the smallest Things, cannot, with all its Hyperboles, reach the Height of your Actions, neither is it possible to comprehend how you have found Means each Summer to encrease that Glory, which every Winter seem'd at its full Perfection; and that having begun so greatly, and gone on so gloriously, still your last Actions should crown the rest, and be found the most amazing. For my Part, I congratulate your Highness's Success as my Duty obliges me; but I am afraid, least the very Thing which augments your Reputation with us, should prejudice that which you ought to expect from After-ages; and, that so many great and important Actions, crowded in so short a Space, may make your History pass for a Romance with Posterity. Be pleased then my Lord, to set some Bounds to your Victories, if it be only to accommodate your-self to the Capacity of human Reason, and not to go farther than common Belief can follow you. Be contented to remain quiet, at least for a little while, and suffer *France*, which in the midst of her Triumphs, is continually allarm'd

alarm'd for your Safety, to enjoy serenely for a few Months, the Glory which you have acquired for her. In the mean Time, I beseech you to believe, that among so many Millions of Men, who admire you, and pray for you, there is not one who does it with more Joy, more Zeal, and Veneration, than,

My LORD,

*Your Highness's most humble,
and most obedient Servant.*

LETTER III.

By the same.

To the Count de Guiche.

My LORD,

THO' now it is become so familiar to us, to see you perform the greatest Actions, that we scarce wonder at them ; and though, for fifteen Years together, you have accustom'd us to talk of you, as we do at this present. Yet I cannot forbear being surpriz'd, when I hear of any new Performances of your Valour ; and your Reputation is so dear to me, that I am extremely pleased to find it every Day increase. I dare engage the most ambitious Person in the World would sit down satisfied with the Fame you have acquired, and content himself with that Esteem which every one is proud to pay to your Lordship. But by all the Observations I can make, my Lord, you set yourself no Limits as to

this

this Point, and as if you was jealous of the Reputation you have already acquired, and of the Actions you have already perform'd, you seem every Year resolv'd to surpass your-self, and to do something above your former Exploits. For my Part, whatever Esteem I may have for your past Actions, I should not be in the least sorry to see them eclipsed by those you are yet to perform, and that your Exploits in *Flanders* should darken all you have done in *France*, *Germany*, and *Italy*. All my Fear is, that this immoderate Thirst of Glory will carry you beyond your due Bounds; and indeed your Behaviour in the last Battle, wherein the Marshal *de la Meilleray* defeated the Enemy, as it gives me just Occasion of Joy, so it alarms me with some Apprehensions. The signal Proofs you gave there of your Gallantry and Courage, furnish'd Matter of universal Admiration here; and indeed, my Lord, if we consult the most extravagant Romances, we shall hardly find any thing more surprizing, or more worthy Remembrance. But, my Lord, give me Leave to represent to you, that since we have lost the Invention of enchanted Armour; and it is no longer fashionable for Heroes to make themselves invulnerable; a Man is not allow'd to perform such Actions as these often in his Life, neither ought he to trespass too much upon his good Fortune, who, tho' she has delivered him for this Time, gives him no Security to rely always upon her. I beg you, therefore to consider, that Fortitude has its

Ex-

Extreams as well as the rest of the Virtues, and ought, like them, to be always attended by Prudence. This, if you seriously consider it, will convince you, that a Marshal of the Field, and a Generalissimo, ought by no Means to exposé himself to the Chances of a private Soldier and Volunteer; or to make bold with a Life on which that of so many thousands depends. I can't tell how you will relish this Freedom of mine; but am certain you can't accuse me of interposing in a Business wherein I have no manner of Concern; since you must be sensible no-body has more, if you reflect with what Zeal I have ever been,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most obedient,

and most humble Servant.

LETTER IV.

By the same.

*To the same, upon his being promoted to the
Dignity of a Marshal of France.*

MY LORD,

IF I have said any Thing disrespectful of War in my last, I now beg Pardon with all my Heart: For since your Lordship owes your late Honour and Promotion to that fickle Mistres, I am perfectly reconciled to her, and will take care to speak honourably of her

in all Companies hereafter. I have indeed long ago been of Opinion, that so great Vavour and Services in a Man of your Quality, and a Person so respected by all the World, must e'er long be rewarded: But as there is a vast Difference between what ought to be, and what is actually done, I could not help being extremely transported at your Lordship's Promotion; and this News as much surpriz'd me, as if I had never expected it. I make no Question, my Lord, but the principal Recompence of your Actions, is the immortal Glory you have acquir'd by them; and yet, methinks it should be no little Satisfaction to you to arrive so early to an Honour, which is the highest and greatest the Fortune of War can bestow upon her Favourites. But then if you consider on the other Hand, how many Dangers you have run thro' to carry this Point; to how many Hazards you have exposed yourself, and how many gallant Men you have seen fall by your Side, who started at the same Time, and ran the same Race with you, you can't but think yourself something indebted to Fortune, which has so long preserv'd you, and at last rewarded your Labour. Among the many Reasons I have to congratulate your Happiness, I have one of which your Lordship cannot be unsensible, and which, in Reality, at least in my Opinion, far exceeds all the rest: I mean, the Pleasure to find, by the voluntary and hearty Acclamations of the World, that your Glory is free from all Envy; and to see that

all

all People are as glad at your Prosperity, as if it concerned themselves. This universal Joy at your good Fortune, is a certain Presage to me, that it will be attended by many more; and, I doubt not, but you will shortly crown that Honour you have received from the King with some new Atchievements; which, as it is wholly in your Power to effect, so it is the most real and solid Glory. I flatter myself that you believe I heartily wish it; since I need not now inform you how many Obligations I have upon me, to be with all manner of Respect and Sincerity,

MY LORD,

*Your Lordship's
Most humble,
and most obedient Servant.*

LETTER V.

By *Balzac.*

To *Monsieur de la Pigeonniere.*
On the Recovery of his Health.

SIR,

THE Letter wherein you do me the Favour to acquaint me with your Recovery, has restored my Mind to its Tranquillity. Without that, I should still have lamented the News of your Death, nor indeed can be entirely easy till I have the Happiness of seeing you. I don't pretend to the Fortitude

tude of those who value themselves upon being insensible to Joy or Sorrow. My Heart is of a tenderer Frame ; and I can't help partaking in the Happiness and Affliction of my Friends. Had I lost you, I should have lost part of myself ; and had I been deprived the Hopes of your Conversation, Life would have been less pleasing to me than it is. Do me the Honour to credit what I tell you, and believe me,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

LETTER VI.

To Monsieur —

Cofstar congratulates him on his having left off his Amours.

SIR,

I Very much approve your Revolt, and sincerely congratulate you on the Victory which you tell me you have obtain'd : Nevertheless I can't help being a little apprehensive. I know all the Stratagems of the Enemy you think you have defeated ; and doubt there's Room to fear he may still maintain some Intelligence in your Heart. In the Name of God take care of Treason. Love is a most cruel Tyrant to those who have rebelled against him, whenever they fall into his Hands a second Time. He puts all to Fire and Sword, and gives no Quarter. But you

You are a great deal wiser than me, and I own myself in the wrong, not to rely upon your Prudence for his Defeat. But Friendship, Sir, is timerous ; and you oblige me to redouble that which I always had for you. Don't go now you're at Liberty, and despise your poor Friends, who have not the same Resolution with yourself. Leave them to profit by your Example. The Esteem they have for you, and the Desire they have of pleasing you, will excite them to shake off their Fetters. Mean time, be so good as to bear with their Weakness, and you will very much rejoice.

SIR,

Your most humble,

and most obedient Servant.

LETTERS

OF

EXCUSE

AND

APOLOGY.

LETTER I.

MADAM,

I Have so little to recommend me, that perhaps you have already forgot that I promised to wait on you to Day at Two o'Clock. However, Madam, least you should expect me, I think myself obliged to acquaint you, that I am this Moment setting out for the Country, whence I shall not return till after to Morrow. If your Eyes prove as dangerous as they appear'd to me the first Time I saw you, my Destiny will by this be deferr'd for four and twenty Hours. On *Friday* I shall have the Pleasure of seeing you for the second Time, and perhaps for my whole Life, after the Pain of having seen you at all.

I am,

MADAM,

Your most humble, &c.

LET-

LETTER II.

By the Duke of Buckingham.

To my Lord Berkley.

MY LORD,

I Must needs beg your Lordship's Excuse for not waiting upon you next *Sunday* at Dinner, for two Reasons; the first is, because Mrs. ——— refuses to hear me preach; which I take to be a kind of Slut upon so learned a Divine as I am: The other, that Sir *Robert C*—— is to go into the Country upon *Monday*, and has desired me to stay within to Morrow, about signing some Papers, which must be dispatch'd, for the clearing so much of my Estate, as (in Spight of my own Negligence, and the extraordinary Perquisites I have received from the Court) is yet left me. I'm sure your Lordship is too much my Friend, not to give me leave to look after my temporal Affairs, if you but consider how little I am like to get by my Spirituality, except Mrs. *B*—— be very much in the Wrong: Pray tell her, I am resolved hereafter never to fwear by any other but by *Jo. Aſh*; and if that be a Sin, 'tis as odd a one as ever ſhe heard of.

I am,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most humble,

and most faithful Servant,

Buckingham.

LETTER III.

By *Balzac.*To the Countess *De Brienne.**He excuses himself for not being able to wait upon her.*

MADAM,

HERE is not a Person in the Village besides myself, who is not going to pay their Compliments in the City ; but 'tis impossible for me to acquit myself of this Duty. It is not Pleasure, but Pain, which prevents me ; for no Place is exempt from ill Health. This, Madam, is sufficient to justify me to the World, but with you I need no Excuse. You know to what Degree I esteem you, and therefore I flatter myself that you'll do me the Favour to believe I suffer as much from not seeing you, as from the Malady which deprives me of that Pleasure.

I am,

MADAM,

*Your most bumble,**and most obedient Servant, &c.*

LET-

LETTER IV.

By *Montreuil.*To Monsieur de *Jusse.**He can't wait upon him for fear of endangering his Health.*

SIR,

YOU have promised a young Lady my Company this Evening, and I am very sorry I should oblige you to break your Word; but my Physician has assured me, that if I sup abroad it will be the last Time. This Excuse, I think, is unexceptionable, and if you desire a better, I must beg the Favour of you to make me one on purpose. As soon as I am a little recovered, I shall endeavour to repair my Fault, and will pay a Visit to this Lady who has so great a Longing to see me. I'm positive she is a big-bellied Woman, for otherwise, how is it possible she should have so bad a Taste? If, in spite of all my Endeavours to the contrary, I should do otherwise than well; I must desire the Favour of you to affute the World, that I was strangled by a violent Cold in my Head. For Madam —— is a Woman of so much Vanity, that she'll certainly report I died for Love of her, which would give me a strange Disturbance. I have suffer'd enough by her in my Life-time; without giving her an Opportunity to torment me in my Grave.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

LETTER V.

By the same.

To Madam —

He excuses his not taking Leave of her before his Departure.

MADAM,

IVE me leave to triumph in the Rudeness I have been guilty of towards you ; for without that I should never have known my own Value. It was neither Indolence, nor Forgetfulness, but a timerous Respect which hinder'd my waiting on you before my Departure ; I imagin'd in that Case, I should have acted out of Character, because the taking leave is only for those, whose Absence is of Moment enough to be regretted. But, for the future, Madam, I shall have a better Opinion of myself ; and, since you have done me the Honour to take it amiss, that I did not bid you Adieu, you shall be the first Person I will pay my Compliments to at my Return.

I am,

MADAM,

*Your most humble,**and most obedient Servant.*

LET-

LETTERS OF A P O L O G Y.

LETTER I.

By Mons. de St. Evremond.

To the Duchess of Mazarin.

NO Letter had ever given me more Pleasure than yours, Madam, provided it had been written to any other but myself. The Thoughts in it are lively, and the Applications happy: To my Misfortune, all that Wit is exercised at my Expence. My most humble, and most obedient Servant, shows an ingenious Displeasure, which puts your most humble and most obedient Servant in Despair. I could have bore up under a sudden and impetuous Anger. My Patience has often been tried with those kind of Movements, but an ingenious and meditated Anger quite confounds me, and puts me to fruitless Pain to guess the Cause of it. I examine myself, and the more I study to discover my Fault, the more Reasons do I find to hope for your good Graces. If *Parmenio* is guilty of a Slip,

who can be trusted ? If he be innocent, what can we do, what Behaviour can shelter us ? I will answer for it, Madam, *Parmenio* is not faulty in the least.

LETTER II.

To Madam ——

Gombaud makes an Apology for having offended her.

MADAM,

WHAT shall I say to appease your Anger ? I think myself very unhappy in having offended you, but even my Offence has been for your Service. It has discover'd Beauties in you which before lay unrevealed. Your Paffion was so amiable, that it seem'd excited by the Graces ; and the Disdain which usurp'd the Place of Love in your Eyes, appear'd like Love himself surrounded with Light'nings ready to consume me. But your Lips, Madam, were only made to charm, and will therefore pronounce a Pardon, if you please to grant it me, much better than a Sentence of Death. And, indeed, you have accused me so often when I was innocent, that it is but Reason you should forgive me now I am culpable. Nor should I have become so, had not I resolved

resolved to justify the Pains you gave me before I deserved them ; and to have the Pleasure of seeing two of those Excellencies which have hitherto lain hid to me : I mean your Tenderness and Compassion. I expect this Goodness from you, and shall always be what I am,

MADAM,

Your most humble,

and most obedient Servant.

LET

LETTERS
TO DESIRE
FAVOURS.

LETTER I.

To Madam —

He begs the Favour of a Patch.

MADAM,

I Beg the Favour of you to oblige me with a Patch by the Bearer ; don't imagine that I intend it as any Addition to my Gallantry, or as any Assistance towards my Recovering in the Service of another, what I lost in yours. No, Madam, I have long since renounced all Pretension to Hearts, and the Hardness of yours has made me lay aside the Thoughts of making Conquests. The Patch I desire of you, is only to hide from the Eyes of the World a Pimple which is very disagreeable. Though you have but one, I mean but one Patch, I beg you would not fail to send it ; for I have an absolute Necessity for it. As for yourself, Madam, it is impossible you should place it on any part of your Face where it would not hide a Charm.

LET-

LETTER II.

To the Mayor of *Angoulesme*.Balzac desires him to give Orders for the
mending a bad Road.

SIR,

I hope my Request won't be at all displeasing to you, since it concerns the public Good as much as my own ; and you are so exact in the Discharge of your Office, that to discover an Inconvenience to you, is in a Manner the same Thing as to remedy it. The Road at the Entrance to the Suburb N—— is excessive bad, and more dangerous than a Labyrinth. It would teach a Priest to swear, is the Terror of all who travel to *Angoulesme*, and the Place where I had like to have been lost no longer since than Yesterday. Three Words of an Order from you, which is the Favour I desire, would put every Thing upon a proper Footing, and oblige the whole Country. Add to this, Sir, the Blessings you will receive from within, as well as without the Town, and don't suffer the Face of the Public, for the Good of which you have so happily labour'd, to be deform'd in this Particular more than in any other ; but have some Regard, if you please, to the Request of a Person who never was ungrateful. Some People would go farther, and represent to you the Opportunity you have to extend your Reputation beyond the Bounds of *Angoulesme*, and to perpetuate the Year of your Mayoralty. I

shall

shall know at the Return of the Bearer of this, whether they would be in the right; and whether you'll do me the Favour to accept the Thanks I shall return you, and the Assurance I give you of being,

SIR,

*Your most humble,
and most obedient Servant.*

LETTER III.

To Madam *de Sevigny.*

*Costar begs her Assistance in acknowledging the
good Offices of Monsieur N—.*

MADAM,

I AM inform'd that Monsieur N— has endeavour'd to do me a great many good Offices to his Eminence. He is one of your particular and most intimate Friends; wherefore I intreat you, Madam, to assist me in acknowledging his Generosity, and to place to your own Account all the Favours he has done me. It will only cost you a few Thanks, and that's an Expence which I hope you'll by no means complain of, and especially since you can never bestow them where they'll do you more Honour. Tho' you don't find your own Advantage in it, yet I flatter myself that the Consideration of it's being for mine, will be sufficient to induce you to grant me the Favour I desire, and of which you would not think

think me altogether unworthy, was it possible I could shew you with how much unfeign'd Respect, I am,

MADAM,

*Your most humble,
and most obedient Servant.*

LETTER IV.

By the same.

To Madam ——

*He desires her not to make Monsieur N——
her Confident.*

MADAM,

GIVE me leave to find Fault with your shewing my Letters to the Gentleman you talk'd of so often. And now I think of it, it might not be amiss if I should affect a little Anger ; and if you'd promise not to leave me too long in an ill Humour, I would begin immediately ; but you are too much a Woman, Madam, to be so reasonable, and when I have a Mind to be appeased, I must take all the Trouble upon myself. Wherefore I chuse to content myself with humbly representing to you, that you are entirely in the wrong, in endeavouring to make a Confident of the Person I speak of. I have some Experience in Physiognomy, and had I less Skill than I have, yet I can distinguish a Man by his Conversation. If you open your Heart to

to the Gentleman in Question, he will throw himself into it at once, and take such Possession there, that you'll never be able to drive him out again as long as you live ; he'll do more than rob you of your Secrets ; for he has an Air which threatens nothing less than being absolute ; and though I have only a little Corner there, worth no-body's Jealousy, (so ungrateful you are) yet I am much deceived if he leaves me in the quiet Possession of it. Besides, I shoud be very sorry to be obliged to hate a Person who appear'd so amiable to me ; and whom I promise you to love with all my Heart, provided you won't love him too much. Therefore take care, if you are wise, both the one and the other ; for you won't every Day meet with so faithful a Friend, and so convenient a Lover, as

Your most humble,

and most obedient Servant.

LETTER V.

By the Chevalier de Méré.

To Madam —————

He begs the Favour of bearing from her.

MADAM,

I Did myself the Honour of Writing to you the Day after my Departure, and beg Leave to assure you, that was I to write to you

you as often as I am tempted to do it, you would hear from me every Day. But I have not received any Answer, which gives me a great many uneasy Apprehensions for which I can assign you no Reason. For what Appearance is there that a Person one loves should be ill, because one has not heard from them in five or six Days? Nevertheless, Madam, I can't help being in Fear, and you'll do me a particular Pleasure, in letting me know, that you enjoy as much Health, as you are wish'd by

*Your most humble,
and most obedient Servant.*

LETTER VI.

To Monsieur *Bertier*, first President of the Parliament of *Toulouse*.

*Monsieur de la Chambre entreats his Assistance
in an Affair.*

SIR,

THOUGH I am very sensible I ought to look upon the Civilities I received from you as the Effects of your Complaisance; yet I flatter myself that you meant something more by them, and that the many obliging Things you said to me, were rather design'd to convince me of your Frindship than Politeness. Wherefore I take the Liberty, Sir,

to

to remind you of those favourable Sentiments you was pleased to have for me, and humbly to desire a Favour of you, which entirely depends upon you, and that honourable Assembly of which you are the Head. If you have the Goodness to espouse my Cause, I know there is nothing can resist your Authority and Addres; and that I shall have nothing to do, but to endeavour to merit the Favour, by being all my Life,

SIR,

Your most humble,

and most obedient Servant,

LET.

LETTERS OF COMPLAINT.

LETTER I.

To Mademoiselle —

MADAM,

I Return you a great many Thanks for your forgetting me so entirely. Since your Departure hence, I have seen very obliging Things in the Letters you have wrote to your Friends, but not a Word that can flatter me I have the Honour to be remember'd by you. This contemptuous Proceeding is the only Consolation I have in your Absence, which otherwise would be insupportable. I am also apt to imagine, Madam, that it was merely out of Compassion that you used me in this Manner, and that you thought it an Act of Pity to kill me outright. I shall therefore look upon myself as dead, not much care if I was so ; since I am dead in your Thoughts, to live in which was my only Happiness, I am,

MADAM,

*Your most humble,
and most obedient Servant.*

LET.

LETTER II.

To Madam —

MADAM,

I Yesterday spent two Hours in the greatest Uneasiness, for I spent them in waiting for you. 'Tis impossible you should imagine how much I suffered, unless you could love yourself as passionately as I love you. Two Days past like these two Hours would make a Lover old, and four such would dispatch him. I am,

*Your most humble,**and most obedient Servant.*

LETTER III.

To Mademoiselle —

MADAM,

YOU may please to remember that I began to love you from your Infancy, and that you promised me a mutual Affection. You have often since repeated the same kind Assurance, and yet considering your Behaviour to me, I have Reason enough to call my Happiness in Question, or at least to accuse you of a surprising Neglect. At my Return into this Country, I wrote to you, and sent you a Direction how I might hear of your Health. Perhaps, Madam, you never received my Letter,

ter, and that's the only Hope I have; for if it came to your Hands, your not answering it portends no good to me. Had you the leaſt Remains of Tenderness for me, or would reflect how much and how dearly I esteem you, it would be impossible for you not to write, tho' it was only to bid me write no more. You think That perhaps ſufficiently imply'd in this cruel Silence; but for my Part, I chufe to be a little dull, rather than over ſubtile in the Knowledge of my Misfortunes. However it is, I beg you would not break with me; for besides the Inconſtanty and Ingratitude which will be laid to your Charge, it will be taking Pains to no Purpose, ſince nothing can hinder my being entirely yours. Nothing, Madam, I affure you, even was I always to continue as I am, a hundred Leagues from you.

LETTER IV.

To a Rival of Quality.

SIR,

BEHOLD the firſt Instance I have had of Mademoiſelle N——'s Compaffion! She has forbide my attending her to *Chantilly*, for fear I ſhould be a Witneſs to the Pleaſure ſhe will take in your Converſation and the Civiliſties ſhe may ſhew you, and that the Sight of them ſhould give me Uneaſiſness. A ſtrange

strange Kindness and what I could willingly excuse. It would be some Comfort nevertheless, could I flatter myself that your Quality, splendid Entertainments, and magnificent Equipage had any Share in this Change. But, alas ! I am not so happy, and 'tis nothing but your Merit which triumphs thus over me. However as Virtue ought to be esteemed in our Enemies, and as Rivals are the greatest, whatever Hurt you do me, I shall never wish you any, but remain all my Life,

SIR,

Your most humble,

and most obedient Servant.

LETTER V.

By the Chevalier de Méré.

To Madam ——.

He complains of her Absence.

MADAM,

I Find you did me the Honour of writing to me, with an Intention of comforting me for your Absence, or at least to mollify the Resentment I had conceived against you, for having left us so barbarously. Indeed I received your Letter with the most sensible Plea-

Pleasure, and at first Thought my Anger vanish'd, and that I had no longer any Ill-will against you ; but this good Disposition was of no long Continuance. You write in a Manner which obliges one to wish for you, and I found in your Letter such a lively Representation of what I have lost ; that I was ten Times more melancholy than before. I also dare confess to you, Madam, that my Anger neither is, nor will be appeased till your Return. From,

Your most obedient

and most humble Servant, &c.

LETTER VI.

By the same.

To Madam *la Marechale.*

On the same Subject.

MADAM,

I Am still at *Paris*, though I did not think it possible for me to stay there two Days after I bid you Adieu. I don't know what hinders me from leaving it, unless it is my Unwillingness to absent myself from those Places where I have so often enjoy'd the Happiness of your Conversation. I look for

I you

you in all of them, as if I was in Hopes of finding you, and did not know where you was. This has made me so melancholy, that I must stay till I am a little recover'd of your Absence, before I can write you any thing diverting ; but my Disorder grows worse and worse every Day, and Time, the common Comforter of other Misfortunes, only serves to encrease the Unhappiness of,

MADAM,

Your most obedient,

and most humble Servant, &c.

A N-

ANSWERS TO LETTERS OF COMPLAINT.

LETTER I.

Mademoiselle ——.

To Monsieur ——

SIR,

YOUR Letters and your Discourse are continually in the plaintive Strain, which I can bear with no longer. Your humble Servant Mr. *Jeremiah*! Since you will complain, I agree to it; but go and complain somewhere else. I have sent you back your Heart, that I may be no longer troubled with its Lamentations. One so gay as mine will never suit with so melancholy a Companion.
Adieu.

LETTER II.

Mademoiselle ——.

To Monsieur ——

Writ the Evening before her Lover's Departure.

SIR,

IF my bearing a Part in your Uneasiness can give you any Satisfaction, you have no Reason to complain of me; for I must own my Affliction is so great, that nothing but my Love can exceed it. If you doubt of this, come and see me; but come early, that the Length of your Visit may make me some Amends for the Pains your approaching Absence will cost me. *Adieu, Sir,* rely upon my Fidelity, and assure yourself that yours will never surpass it.

MIS.

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

LETTER I.

To Monsieur Arnaud, Abbot of St. Nicholas.

Coftar sends him Word that he thinks himself happy in the Continuance of his Friendship.

SIR,

IT is impossible for me to harbour any Resentment against those who would have persuaded me that I had lost your Favour. Notwithstanding the many uneasy Hours I suffer'd upon that Account I can easily forgive them; since they occasion'd the kind and obliging Letter which you lately wrote me. You assure me that I have not forfeited your good Opinion, and I return you a thousand Thanks for the Pleasure you give me. No one can honour you with a warmer, and more sincere Esteem than myself; and as I know none whose Vertues merit a higher Value, I should be unjust, if I did not feel the more sensible Joy in this Assurance, that

I am still happy in the Place which you have so long allow'd me in your Friendship. I shall preserve it with as entire a Satisfaction as if I could never lose it, and at the same Time with as much Circumspection as if I was every Moment in Danger of that Misfortune; I shall have all the Pleasure of those that are in Possession of Happiness, and all the Ardor of those that are in Pursuit of it. This Conduct, I hope, will contribute to the Increase of that Affection with which you honour,

SIR,

Yours, &c.

LETTER II.

By Monsieur *de St. Evremond.*

To the Count *de Lionne.*

I Am justly apprehensive, lest the Continuance of our Correspondence may become troublesome to you, by Reason of the Continuance of my Disgrace, which will oblige me for the future to retrench much of my own Satisfaction, not to abuse so warm a Zeal as yours. Discretion is a Virtue that ought to be practised with true Friends; and I am too much concern'd to preserve you, not to use your Friendship with Circumspection. If I durst in this Place discover my Soul to you,

you, you would see it deeply affected with the Kindness of the most disinterested Friend in the World ; since nothing but your own Generosity maintains me in your Affection ; which makes me believe that you have a Mind to set an Example to Posterity, which she must despair ever to be able to imitate. In short, I examine myself every Way, and find nothing in me but what justifies the Disgust which others ought to entertain of my Person. Reflections would be very irksome to me, were they not alleviated by the Remembrance of a Person for whom I have the same Veneration, which so accomplish'd a Merit gains him from every body.

LETTER III.

By the same.

To the same.

SIR,

Perhaps you are not at *Paris* ; perhaps you are ; and in this last Case, your Silence may be rather the Effect of your Forgetfulness, than of your Absence. But, suppose it were, I am too much beholden to you for your past Services, to complain of your present Indifference. I don't inquire after you, to fatigue you for an Answer, or renew a Correspondence that would rob you

of some Hours, which you know how to bestow to better Purpose. But, Sir, you still owe something to our Friendship, and you will discharge the Obligation, if you can find some Way, either by yourself, or any body else, to let me know that you are in Health. This Piece of News will give me a Joy, in which you are more concern'd than any other; and if you were of my Temper, you would be of my Opinion, that to be well is better than to command the whole World. No Treasures are worth one Years Health.

Pardon, Sir, the Chat of an infirm Man, who enjoying a Quarter of an Hour's Health, thinks no other Subject so proper to be talk'd on. You were, perhaps, of my Humour, when you enjoy'd some Ease of the Pains occasion'd by your broken Arm, and your other Wounds. Now you are perfectly cured, relish the Pleasure of it, and let me make melancholy Reflections on the Song you have taught me :

*But, Oh ! When Age benumbs our Veins,
No langer sprightly Joy remains !*

If there be any Airs as agreeable as this in the Music of the Feast of Versailles, I desire you to send them me prick'd, and you will oblige one who is more than ever, &c.

LETTER IV.

By *Voiture.*To Monsieur *de LIONNE.*

SIR,

Otwithstanding you occasion'd me the most uneasy Hours I felt upon my Journey, and though no-body in *Italy* used me so ill as yourself, yet I don't know the Person I so ardently wish to see, nor one I should be prouder to serve. It is very unusual to gain the Friendship of People by ruining them; nevertheless, Sir, this is what has happen'd to you, and I could not prevent your making Prize of my Heart, as well as my Purse. If I have been so happy as to find a Place in yours, my Losses are recompensed, and I shall look upon myself as the greatest Gainer, for though I have paid very dear for your Acquaintance, yet I have not paid half the Value, and would with Pleasure give as much more to find at *Paris* a Gentleman of equal Merit and Politeness. I flatter myself that you'll have the Goodness to believe what I say on this Head, and to rest assur'd, that I shall always endeavour to preserve an Honour which I esteem at so high a Rate, and that I shall never willingly lose a Friend who has cost me so dear.

I am, SIR,

*Your most humble,
and most obedient Servant.*

LETTER V.

By Mr. Dennis.

To Mr. Congreve at Tunbridge.

DEAR SIR,

MR. Moyle and I have impatiently expected to hear from you; but if the Well which you drink of had sprung up from Lethe, you could not have been more forgetful of us. Indeed, as the Tunbridge Water is good for the Spleen, it may be said in some Manner, to cause Oblivion. But I will yet a while hope that Mr. Moyle and I are not of the Number of Things that plague you; however, I am so sensible of your being mindful of me in Town, that I should be ungrateful, if I should complain that you do not remember me where you are. Mr. Moyle tells me that you have made a favourable mention of me to a certain Lady of your Acquaintance, whom he calls —. But then to mortify the old Man in me, or indeed rather the young, he assur'd me, that you had given a much better Character of him. However, for that which you gave of me, I cannot but own myself obliged to you, and I look upon your Kindness as so much the greater, because I am sensible that I do not deserve it, and I could almost wish that your good Qualities were not quite so numerous, that I might be able to make you some Re-

turn.

turn in Specie ; for commanding you now, I do you but Justice, which a Man of Honour will do to his Enemy ; whereas you, by partial Praise, have treated me like a Friend. I make no doubt, but that you do me the Justice to believe that I am perfectly yours ; and that your Merit has engaged me, and your Favours obliged me, to be all my Lifetime,

DEAR SIR,

Your humble Servant,

J. DENNIS.

LETTER VI.

Mr. Congreve to Mr. Dennis.

DEAR SIR,

IT is not more to keep my Word, than to gratify my Inclination, that I write to you ; and though I have thus long deferr'd it, I was never forgetful of you, nor of my Promise. Indeed I waited in Expectation of something that might enable me to return the Entertainment I received from your Letters ; but you represent the Town so agreeable to me, that you quite put me out of Conceit with the Country, and my Designs of making Observations upon it.

Before I came to Tunbridge, I proposed to myself the Satisfaction of communicating the Pleasures of the Place to you ; but if I keep

my Resolution, I must transcribe, and return you your own Letters ; since I must own I have met with nothing else so truly delightful. When you suppose the Country agreeable to me, you suppose such Reasons why it should be so, that while I read your Letter, I am of your Mind ; but when I look off, I find I am only charm'd with the Landscape which you have drawn ; so that if I would see a fine Prospect of the Country, I must desire you to send it me from the Town ; as if I would eat good Fruit here, perhaps the best Way were to beg a Basket from my Friends in *Covent-Garden*. After all this I must tell you, there is a great deal of Company at *Tunbridge*, and some very agreeable ; but the greater Part is of that Sort who at home converse only with their own Relations ; and consequently, when they come abroad, have few Acquaintance, but such as they bring with them. But were the Company better or worse, I would have you expect no Characters from me ; for I profess myself an Enemy to Detraction ; and who is there that can justly merit Commendation ? I have a Mind to write to you, without the Pretence of any Manner of News, as I might drink to you without naming a Health ; for I intend only my Service to you. I wish for you very often, that I might recommend you to some new Acquaintance that I have made here, and think very well worth the keeping ; I mean Idleness and a good Stomach. You would not think how People eat here ; every Body

Body has the Appetite of an *Ostrich*, and as they drink Steel in the Morning, so I believe at Noon they could digest Iron. But sure you will laugh at me for calling Idleness a new Acquaintance, when, to your Knowledge, the greater Part of my Business is little better. Ay, but here is the Comfort of the Change; I am idle now without taking Pains to be so, or to make other People so; for Poetry is neither in my Head nor in my Heart. I know not whether these Waters may have any Communication with *Lethe*, but suré I am, they have none with the Streams of *Helicon*. I have often wonder'd how those wicked Writers of *Lampoons*, could crowd together such Quantities of execrable Verses, tag'd with bad Rhymes, as I have formerly seen sent from this Place. But I am half of Opinion now, that this Well is an Anti-Hippocrate. What if we should get a Quantity of the Water privately convey'd into the Cistern at *Will's Coffee House* for an Experiment; but I am extravagant—Though I remember *Ben Johnson*, in his Comedy of *Cynthia's Revels*, makes a Well, which he there calls, *The Fountain of Self-Love*, to be the Source of many entertaining and ridiculous Humours; I am of Opinion, that something very comical and new might be brought upon the Stage from a Fiction of the like Nature; but now I talk of the Stage, pray if any Thing new should appear there, let me have an Account of it; for though Plays are a kind of Winter Fruit, yet I know there are

are now and then some Wind-falls at this Time of the Year, which must be presently served up, lest they should not keep till the proper Season of Entertainment. It is now the Time when the Sun breeds Insects, and you must expect the Hum and Buz at your Ears of *Summer-fies* small Poets. *Cuckows* have this Time allow'd them to sing, though they are damn'd to Silence all the rest of the Year. Besides, the approaching Feast of St. *Bartholomew* both creates an Expectation, and bespeaks an Allowance of unnatural Productions and monstrous Births; methinks the Days of *Bartholomew-Fair* are like so many Sabbaths, or Days of Privilege, wherein Criminals and Malefactors in Poetry are permitted to creep abroad. They put me in Mind, (though at a different Time of the Year) of the *Roman Saturnalia*, when all the Scum and Rabble, and Slaves of *Rome*, by a kind of annual and limited Manumission, were suffered to make abominable Mirth, and profane the Days of Jubilee with vile Buffoonery by Authority. But I forget that I am writing a Post-Letter, and run into a Length like a Poet in a Dedication, when he forgets his Patron to talk of himself. But I will take Care to make no Apology for it, lest my Excuse (as Excuses generally do) should add to the Fault. Besides, I would have no Appearance of Formality, when I am to tell you, that I am,

Your real Friend,

and bumble Servant,

W. CONGREVE.

LETTER VII.

By Monsieur *Vouiture*.To Monsieur *de Chauderborne*.

SIR, Wait to you ten or twelve Days ago, and return'd you Thanks for the two Letters, which I have at length received from you. If you were but sensible of the Satisfaction they gave me, you would be sorry for not having writ to me oftener, and for not frequently repeating the Consolation, of which I have so much Need. *Madrid*, which is the most agreeable Place in the World, for those who at once are Lusty and Libertines, is the most disconsolate for those who are regular, or indisposed: And in Lent, which is the Players *Vocation*, I don't know so much as one Pleasure that a Man can reasonably enjoy. My Melancholy here, and my Want of Company, have produced a good Effect in me; for they have reconciled me to Books, which I had for a Time forsaken; and being able to meet with no other Pleasures, I have been forced to taste and to relish that of Reading. Prepare then to see me as great a Philosopher as yourself; and consider what Progress a Man must have made, who for seven Months has either studied, or been sick; for if one of the chief Things that Philosophy aims at, is a Contempt of Life; the Stone Cholic is certainly

tainly the best of Masters, and *Plato* and *Socrates* perswade us less efficaciously. It has lately read me a Lecture, that lasted seventeen Days, which I shall not quickly forget; and which has often made me consider how very feeble we are, since three Grains of Sand are sufficient to cast us down. But if it determines me to any Sect, it shan't be to that at least, which maintains that Pain is no Evil; and that he who is wise, is at all Times happy; for whatever befalls me, I can neither be happy nor wise, without being near you, and nothing can make me either the one or the other, so much as your Presence and Example. I am very uncertain when I shall leave this Place, and expect both Men and Money by Sea; but as they are Things which don't always keep touch with us, I apprehend my remaining here longer than I could wish. Wherefore I make it my humble Request to you, that you would not forget me so long as you have done, but show me, by doing me the Honour of writing to me, that you are convinced of the real Affection with which I am,

SIR,

Your most humble,

and most obedient Servant.

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LETTER VIII.

*By the same.*To Monsieur *Costars.*

SIR,

I Was Yesterday entertained in one of the most magnificent Palaces in the World. For my Lodgings I had a spacious Hall, two Anti-Chambers, and a Chamber hung with Tapestry, embroidered with Gold ; and was attended by some twenty or thirty tall Servants in Liveries ; and to Day I find myself in one of the wretchedest Inns that ever was seen, with only one Boy to wait upon me. To banish so surprizing an Alteration out of my Head, and to raise myself to as great a Degree of Happiness as I enjoyed Yesterday, I call'd for Pen, Ink and Paper, on Purpose to write to you ; and may I be abandon'd by all the World, if amidst the Honours I received, suitable to the Person I then represented, and amidst all the Delicacies I was regaled with, I found so much Pleasure as I do at this Instant. You can't suspect me of a Compliment, or that the Satisfaction I take in entertaining you, proceeds from any Advantage I propose to myself by the Exchange, since at this very Moment when I cannot hope for an Answer from you, I yet take an infinite Pleasure to write to you, and likewise to assure you of my Readiness to serve you whenever any Occasion presents itself.

Within

Within three Weeks I hope to take my Farewell of *Rome*, if I can meet with a Vessel to sail directly for *Marseilles*. You that are so well acquainted with the Winds, if you have any Command over them, be so kind as to lock them all up, except one or two which blow me homewards. As to them, there is no great Danger, should they storm and bluster a little. I don't care a Farthing for a little tossing of the Sea, provided I make the more Speed; for I long exceedingly to be at *Paris*, and in particular to kiss your Hands there.

I am,

SIR,

Your most humble,

and most obedient Servant.

LETTER IX.

SIR,

Going lately to take the Air in one of the most beautiful Evenings this Season has produced; as I was admiring the Serenity of the Sky, the lively Colours of the Fields, and the Variety of the Landscape every Way around me, my Eyes were suddenly call'd off from these inanimate Objects, by a little Party of Horsemen I saw passing the Road. The greater Part of them escaped my particular Observation, by Reason that my whole Attention was fix'd on a very fair Youth who rode in

in the Midst of them, and seem'd to have been dress'd by some Description in a Romance. His Features, Complexion, and Habit, had a remarkable Effeminacy, and a certain languishing Vanity appear'd in his Air. His Hair well curl'd and powder'd, hung to a considerable Length on his Shoulders, and was wantonly tied as if by the Hands of his Mistress, in a scarlet Ribbon, which play'd like a Streamer behind him: He had a Coat and Waistcoat of blue Camblet trimm'd and embroider'd with Silver; a Cravat of the finest Lace; and wore in a smart Cock, a little Beaver Hat edged with Silver, and made more sprightly by a Feather. His Horse too, which was a Pacer, was adorn'd after the same airy Manner, and seem'd to share in the Vanity of the Rider. As I was pitying the Luxury of this young Person, who appeared to me to have been educated only as an Object of Sight, I perceived on my nearer Approach, and, as I turn'd my Eyes downwards, a Part of the Equipage I had not observed before, which was a Petticoat of the same with the Coat and Waistcoat. After this Discovery, I look'd again on the Face of the fair *Amazon*, who had thus deceived me, and thought those Features which had before offended me by their Softness, were now strengthen'd into as improper a Boldness; and tho' her Eyes, Nose, and Mouth, seem'd to be form'd with perfect Symmetry; I am not certain whether she, who, in Appear-

pearance, was a very handsome Youth, may not be in reality a very indifferent Woman.

There is an Objection which naturally presents itself against these occasional Perplexities, and Mixtures of Dres, which is, that they seem to break in upon that Propriety and Distinction of Appearance, in which the Beauty of different Characters is preserv'd ; and if they should be more frequent than they are at present, would look like turning our public Assemblies into a general Masquerade. The Model of this *Amazonian* Hunting Habits for Ladies, was, as I take it, first imported from *France*, and well enough expresses the Gaiety of a People who are taught to do any Thing so it be with an Assurance; but I cannot help thinking it sits awkwardly yet on our *English* Modesty. The Petticoat is a kind of Incumbrance upon it, and if the *Amazons* should think fit to go on in this Plunder of our Sexes Ornaments, they ought to add to their Spoils, and compleat their Triumph over us, by wearing the Breeches.

If it be natural to contract insensibly the Manners of those we imitate, the Ladies who are pleased with assuming our Dresses, will do us more Honour than we deserve, but they will do it at their own Expence. Why should the lovely *Camilla* deceive us in more Shapes than her own, and affect to be represented in her Picture with a Gun and a Spaniel, while her Elder Brother, the Heir of a worthy Family, is drawn in Silks like his Sister ? The Dress, and Air of a Man, are not well to be divided ; and those who would not be content with

with the Latter, ought never to think of assuming the Former. There is so large a Portion of natural Agreeableness among the Fair Sex of our Island, that they seem betray'd into these romantick Habits without having the same Occasion for them with their Inventors: All that needs to be desired of them is, that they would be *Themselves*, that is, what Nature design'd them; and to see their Mistake when they depart from this, let them look upon a Man who affects the Softness and Effeminacy of a Woman, to learn how their Sex must appear to us, when approaching to the Resemblance of a Man. I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

LETTER X.

Paris, April 18, 1712.

SIR,

IT is so many Years since you left your native Country, that I am to tell you the Characters of your nearest Relations, as much as if you were an utter Stranger to them. The Occasion of this, is to give you an Account of the Death of Madam *de Villacerfe*, whose Departure out of this Life, I know not whether a Man of your Philosophy will call unfortunate or not, since it was attended with some Circumstances as much to be desired

fired as to be lamented. She was her whole Life happy in an uninterrupted Health, and was always honoured for an Evenness of Temper, and Greatness of Mind. On the 10th Instant, that Lady was taken with an Indisposition which confined her to her Chamber, but was such as was too slight to make her take a sick Bed, and yet too grievous to admit of any Satisfaction in being out of it. It is notoriously known, that some Years ago, Monsieur *Festeanu*, one of the most considerable Surgeons in *Paris*, was desperately in love with this Lady: Her Quality placed her above any Application to her on the Account of his Passion; but as a Woman always had some Regard to the Person whom she believes to be her real Admirer, she now took it into her Head (upon Advice of her Physicians to lose some of her Blood) to send for Monsieur *Festeanu* on that Occasion. I happened to be there at that Time, and my near Relation gave me the Privilege to be present. As soon as her Arm was stripped bare, and he began to pres' it, in order to raise the Vein, his Colour chang'd, and I observed him feized with a sudden Tremor, which made me take the Liberty to speak of it to my Cousin with some Apprehension: She smil'd, and said, she knew Mr. *Festeanu* had no Inclination to do her Injury. He seem'd to recover himself, and smiling also, proceeded in his Work. Immediately after the Operation, he cried out, that he was the most unfortunate of all Men,

Men, for that he had opened an Artery instead of a Vein. It is as impossible to express the Artist's Distraction as the Patient's Composure. I will not dwell on little Circumstances, but go on to inform you, that within three Days Time, it was thought necessary to take off her Arm. She was so far from using *Festean* as it would be natural to one of a lower Spirit to treat him, that she would not let him be absent from any Consultation about her present Condition, and on every Occasion asked whether he was satisfied in the Measures that were taken about her. Before this last Operation, she ordered her Will to be drawn, and after having been about a Quarter of an Hour alone, she bid the Surgeons, of whom poor *Festean* was one, go on in their Work. I know not how to give you the Terms of Art, but there appeared such Symptoms after the Amputation of her Arm, that it was visible she could not live Four and Twenty Hours. Her Behaviour was so magnanimous throughout this whole Affair, that I was particularly curious of taking Notice of what pass'd as her Fate approach'd nearer and nearer, and took Notes of what she said to all about her, particularly Word for Word what she spoke to Mr. *Festean*, which was as follows :

Sir, You give me an inexpressible Sorrow for the Anguish with which I see you overwhelmed. I am removed to all Intents and Purposes from the Interests of human Life, there-

therefore I am to begin to think like one wholly unconcerned in it. I do not consider you as one by whose Error I have lost my Life; no, you are my Benefactor, as you have hasten'd my Entrance into a happy Immortality. This is my Sense of this Accident, but the World in which you live, may have Thoughts of it to your Disadvantage, I have therefore taken Care to provide for you in my Will, and have placed you above what you have to fear from their ill Nature.

While this excellent Woman spoke these Words, *Festeau* looked as if he received a Condemnation to die, instead of a Pension for his Life. Madam *de Villacerfe* lived 'till eight of the Clock the next Night, and tho' she must have labour'd under the most exquisite Torments, she possest her Mind with so wonderful a Patience, that one may rather say she ceased to breathe than she died at that Hour. You who had not the Happiness to be personally known to this Lady, have nothing but to rejoice in the Honour you had of being related to so great Merit; but we who have lost her Conversation, cannot so easily resign our own Happiness by Reflection upon hers. I am,

SIR,

*Your affectionate Kinsman,
and most obedient Servant,*

PAUL REGNAUD.

L E T-

LETTER XI.

Copenhagen, May 1, 1710.

DEAR SIR,

THE Spring with you has already taken Possession of the Fields and Woods: Now is the Season of Solitude, and of moving Complaints upon trivial Sufferings: Now the Griefs of Lovers begin to flow, and their Wounds to bleed afresh. I too, at this Distance from the softer Climates, am not without my Discontents at present. You perhaps may laugh at me for a most Romantic Wretch, when I have disclosed to you the Occasion of my Uneasiness, and yet I cannot help thinking my Unhappiness real, in being confined to a Region, which is the very Reverse of Paradise. The Seasons here are all of them unpleasant, and the Country quite destitute of rural Charms. I have not heard a Bird Sing, nor a Brook Murmur, nor a Breeze Whisper, neither have I been blest with the Sight of a flow'ry Meadow these two Years. Every Wind here is a Tempest, and every Water a turbulent Ocean. I hope, when you reflect a little, you will not think the Grounds of my Complaint in the least frivolous, and unbecoming a Man of serious Thoughts; since the Love of Woods, of Fields and Flowers, of Rivers and Fountains, seems to be a Passion implanted in our Natures the most early

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of

of any, even before the Fair Sex had a Being.
I am, SIR, &c.

LETTER XII.

By the Chevalier d'Her.

To Madam —

How a young Gentleman that had tried all other Methods unsuccessfully, frighted his Mistress to comply with him, by threatening to starve himself in her Closet.

YOU will excuse me, Madam, if I have made bold to send you a short Account of a remarkable Accident which lately happened in these Parts of the World; and, for the Truth of which, I dare pawn my Reputation to you. It will give you a wholesome Testimony of the Power of Love, and serve to instruct you, that when a Lover is once positively resolved to gain his Point, the best Thing a Woman can do, is to strike up a Bargain with him, and lose no more Time in capitulating.

Monsieur — had courted a Lady two Years, but was so unfortunate as not to make the least Progress in her Affection. All his Services, his Cares, his Respects, his Complaints, in short, all his Tears and Protestations had prov'd unsuccessful. One Day, happen-

happening to be alone with her in her Closet, he plainly told her, that since nothing was capable of touching her, he was fully resolv'd to die, and to put an End to his Torment. This Discourse, I must confess, had nothing singular in it; for a thousand Men have threaten'd to dispatch themselues, that never intended it; but what follows, you'll own to be very particular; and to the End, Madam, added he, that you may fully enjoy my Death, and have the Satisfaction to see it steal upon me by Degrees, I am resolv'd to die of Hunger here in your Closet. With this, he flung himself upon the Floor, resolving to put his Design in Execution from that very Moment. The young Lady only laughed at him, and left him there, not questioning but he would be gone in less than a Quarter of an Hour. Mean time, the Evening approach'd; yet our trusty Lover still continued in the Closet. She came to him, and ask'd him whether his Brains were not turn'd, and whether he intended to take up his Quarters there. To both which Questions our Gentleman made no Manner of Reply; so that the Lady was oblig'd to leave him. In short, the Night pass'd, and the next Morning the Lady came very early to advise him to lay aside this foolish Resolution; but all she could get from him, was, Madam, I have already done myself the Honour to acquaint you with my last Intentions. Having said this, he look'd languishingly upon her, fetch'd a deep Sigh, and turn'd his Head the other Way. On the

third Day, our Lady, more perplexed than ever, brought him something to eat with her own Hands. 'Tis impossible to tell you with what a scornful Look he beheld it: He appear'd in this short Time to be considerably weaken'd; his Eyes look'd dead and heavy, his Complexion pale, and there seem'd to be something wild and distracted in his Looks. The fourth Day no sooner arriv'd, but our Lady began seriously and gravely to consider what a cruel Scandal this would be to her, if she did not take Care to prevent it. How! a Man die in my Closet! kill'd by Despair! kill'd by Hunger! I am utterly undone, if I don't hinder it. What malicious Stories will the Neighbourhood raise of me, if this should happen? Perhaps by this Time too Love had gain'd some Ground upon her Heart; and, for my Part, I am apt to believe, that Love work'd as powerfully with her, as the Fear of Scandal. However it was, she resolved to go and argue the Matter with him; and after a long Exhortation; which he did not seem to understand, because he was in a Manner dead; she told him, that since all the Arguments she had offer'd, could not get him out of her Closet, she was willing to let him go out upon his own Conditions: With this, our poor Lover cast an amorous Look at her; and asked her, whether what he heard was true, or only an Illusion of his Senses. She satisfied him that all was true; when immediately Life return'd to him; and not only Life, but a surprizing Vigour, which enabled him

him to pay off Part of his Debt to Madam before ever he stirred out of the Closet. Never did Lover make a more honourable Retreat, that's certain: In all Probability, our Lady was mightily pleased with her own Charms, since they had Efficacy enough to perform so miraculous a Cure; and I don't doubt, but in Reality, they had a good Share in the Miracle: But then, 'tis as true, that they ought not wholly to asfume it to themselves; but to divide the Glory of it with a cold Neat's-tongue, a Roll of Bread, and a good Bottle of Wine, which our Lover had dexterously conveyed under a Couch which was in the Closet; for you must know, that foreseeing he was to die, he had taken Care, like a good Christian as he was, to make some Preparation for it before-hand. And now, Madam, methinks, I see your Ladyship strik-
ing your Fan against the Table, and crying, was there ever such an horrid Piece of Treachery acted? What will this wicked Age come to? And yet, Madam, I must take the Freedom to tell you, that I look upon that Woman to be happy, exceeding happy, who has a Lover that can cheat her so ingeniously: For, in the first Place, she has the Honour of having done all that can be required from a Lady of the most rigid Virtue; and, Secondly and Lastly, she has the Pleasure of finding her Appetite gratified without the least Injury to her Honour. I dare engage that our Young Lady has not been backward to

testify her Love to Monsieur —, and that, to convince him of it, she has sent him home an Hundred Times since, with as much Satisfaction as then, and less Hunger. The Truth on't is, he deserved this kind Treatment, if it were only for the Fruitfulness of his Invention. Others take Towns by blocking them up till they starve 'em ; whereas our Lover carried the Place before him, by only pretending to starve himself. Well, this was certainly one of the prettiest Stratagems in the World. All the Mischief is, that you Ladies for the Future, will take no Notice of us Lovers, when we talk of dying for you ; tho' after all, I am apt to believe it will do us no very great Harm neither. You may find by this short Story, that our Cavalier had come but bluely off, had the Lady's Rigour continued ; but to our Comfort be it remembered, her virtuous Resolutions did not hold out so long as a small *French Roll*, and a single Bottle of Wine. I am,

MADAM,

Your most obedient,

and most humble Servant.

LET.

LETTER XIII.

By the same.

To Monsieur de T—

About a cross young Devil of a Wife that would not let her Husband have any thing to do with her on the first Night of their Marriage.

SIR,

YOU are desirous to know what happened at my Niece's Marriage; and having an entire Confidence in your Friendship, I shall make no Scruple to acquaint you with the Secrets of our Family. You must know then, that we are in the strangest Confusion imaginable; and when the Storm will be over, a greater Conjurer than myself must resolve you. That young Fury my Niece, has a mortal Aversion to her Husband, and would not suffer him upon the Wedding Night to perform the usual Duties of Matrimony. We that knew nothing of what had passed between them, accosted the Bridegroom next Morning with the common Questions; asking him how many Fingers he could shew, and how often he had trespassed upon Madam's Patience. He on his Side received us very coldly, whereas the young Slut never look'd so gay and pleasant in her Life. I could not imagine what should be the Meaning of it, unless it were that the Bridegroom's Con-

science privately reproach'd him for having given very flender Proofs of his Manhood the Night before, and his Wife insulted him for it ; tho' at the same Time I considered, that if the Case were so, his Spouse, in all Probability, would not be so merry ; for what Woman, that has all her Fortune lodg'd in one Goldsmith's Hands, would rejoice to hear he was a Bankrupt ? But in Truth, I was far from divining the real Reason of her Gaiety, which proceeded from the Pleasure she took in having punish'd her Husband the Night before. Since her Friends would force her to marry against her Inclination, she's resolved, by what I can find, to make herself some amends by playing the Tyrant with her Spouse ; and the Success of her Revenge, which is Meat, Drink and Cloth to a true Woman, has given her that Air and Vivacity, that she looks ten Times prettier than ever. My Sister, who you must know, is a very devout Woman in her Temper, is almost at her Wit's End, to see her Daughter in so fair a Way to damn herself. And, what is worse, to damn herself for a Sin, which perhaps not one married Woman since the Creation was ever guilty of. For this Reason she sent for some of the most learned and able Divines in *Paris*, to come and try what they could do with her ; who very piously advised her to discharge the Duties of a Wife, as she was in Conscience bound, and quoted a thousand Passages out of Fathers and Councils, out of the Civil and Canon Law, to prove that she must

must obey her Husband, *in omnibus licitis & honestis*, and not refuse him the Use of his own: But this silly Baggage answer'd 'em very pertly, that for her Part, she would neither be govern'd by Fathers nor Councils; for what Authority had they to controul her? And endeavoured to justify her Rebellion with such foolish idle Arguments, that our worthy Clergymen could hardly keep their solemn Countenances. When their learned Remonstrances were over, in came her Husband, who by his obliging Behaviour and tender Embraces, tried to put her in a better Humour; but she was equally proof against all these different Attacks, and minded him no more than she did the Gentlemen in Black. I expected indeed that the Priests would soon conquer her Obstinacy; because a Woman is easily persuaded to be complaisant to her Body, when she is told 'tis for the Health of her Soul; but as for her Husband, I never thought he would advance a Step by any Thing he could say, or do to her. In Truth, he is such a woful Figure, that tho' our Spiritual Guides had stagger'd her in this foolish Resolution, yet the very Sight of him was enough to confirm her in her Contumacy. However, I must do him the Justice to own that he omits nothing that may help to reconcile him to his Wife, and make him appear lovely in her Eyes. The Perfumer and the Taylor, the Embroiderer and the Sempstress, have taken a World of Pains to set off his Person; but as I told you before, his Person is so in-

corrigible, that no Art can amend it. So that to deal plainly with you, nothing gives me any Hopes in this Affair, but the Bridegroom's Resolution, who is not a Jot disengaged; tho' upon second Thoughts, I very much question whether the Constancy of a married Man will hold out so long as that of a Lover. For that very Thing, wherein he seems to have the Advantage of the Latter, I mean, the Right he has to obtain what he desires, produces the quite contrary Effect; and is so far from helping him forward, that it proves a rub in his Way. As the World goes at present, a Man sooner comes at what is forbidden him, than what he may challenge as his due; and, after all, I'll appeal to you, whether it would not be better for this poor Husband to be engaged in a short Skirmish of an Intrigue which is soon over, than to be only titular Master of a Citadel, which, tho' it owns his Sovereignty, refuses to open its Gates to him.

I am,

SIR,

Your most humble,

and most obedient Servant.

L E T-

LETTER XIV.

To the same.

By what Means the aforesaid young Lady was at last brought to be complaisant to her Husband.

SIR,

TIS a Chain of merry Adventures this Marriage of my Niece : She has been of late strangely indisposed with the Vapours, which made her see very dreadful Visions, as Deaths-Heads, Winding-Sheets, Church-yards, and the like terrible Apparitions. All the Physicians she consulted, unanimously prescribed her Husband to her. At first, she could not bear the Mention of this Prescription, and told the Doctors flat and plain, that they must find out some other Remedy for her. We then represented to the young Fool, that nothing but her Husband could cure her ; that tho' the Physic he administer'd to her, would gripe her a little at first, yet it would go off in a Minute ; that it would throw her into a fine breathing Sweat, and afterwards into the most delicious Slumber that could be. As for me, I offered her all the Duties and Services of a Lover, after she had tried her Husband, in order to put the nau- feous Relish of Matrimony out-of her Mouth, as it is the Custom, you know, to take a little Spoonful of Sugar after Pills, to make one

lose the Taste of 'em. As her Vapours still grew upon her, they helped to fortify our Arguments: So, at laft, after two Months holding out, the Castle surrendered, and the Marriage Rites were consummated. It went a little against the Grain with our Husband to be taken like a Dose of *Calomel*, or Jalop, by the Doctor's Direction: But what, I should think, he ought to take much nearer to Heart, he has been too profuse of his Remedy; and his Wife's Vapours are gone off too soon; so that now he is afraid he shall no longer be necessary to her; and, I fancy, enquired of a Physician t'other Day, whether there was not some Secret to give the Vapours to Persons that had 'em not. I will take Care to inform myself better of this Affair. As for the young Gentlewoman, she is also concern'd, but 'tis because her Distemper has left her so soon; and, in my Conscience, would not complain if it visited her again, to see whether her Husband's Receipt is infallible. It cannot but afflict her too, to find her good Man triumph upon the Success of his Medicine, and value himself as an important Person; and, indeed, of all the frightful Visions she has seen, nothing haunts her at present but her domestic Lord and Sovereign, who, to her great Misfortune, sticks closer to her than her Vapours; and is harder to be dislodg'd. During the Time that she kept off her Husband at Arms length, and bid him open Defiance, she had the

the Curiosity to go to an *Italian Astrologer* to consult him about her Fortune ; and the Oracle, by our Management, answer'd her, that she should be the Mother of many Children, but gave her not the least Encouragement of ever seeing herself a Widow. This Prediction was somewhat miraculous, considering how Matters stood with her at that Time ; for how could she expect any Harvest, while she suffered her Ground to lie untill'd ? But as Women are naturally superstitious, and easy of Belief, Sir *Sidrophel* soon perswaded her that this was her Destiny. Thus, partly out of Obedience to the Stars, which foretold that she should have store of Children, and partly out of Fear of lying alone, when the Death's-Heads and other frightful Apparitions came to visit her, my Niece has with great Difficulty been prevailed upon to comply with that which she ought to have submitted to out of Duty.

I am,

SIR,

Your most humble,

and most obedient Servant.

LET-

LETTER XV.

By the same.

To Monsieur de B—

*How he had brought a Quarrel upon his Hands,
for standing up for lean Women against the
fat.*

SIR,

I Am going to surprize you with a very odd Adventure. Although I have lived so many Years in the Army without a Quarrel upon my Hands, I am now engaged in a very strange one ; and what do you think was the Occasion of it ? You must know I dined very peaceably at my own Lodgings ; and after Dinner was over, I took a Walk with four or five Gentlemen in the Garden. We had exhausted all the public News at Dinner, we had drain'd the Gazettes and the Mercuries, talk'd over the Disorders of *Poland*, and the Troubles of *Hungary* ; and what should our Discourse run upon now but *Women*. You cannot expect that the Conversation of Soldiers should turn upon Matters of Gallantry, in so fine and delicate a Manner as the Conversations in *Clælia*. Thus, we did not amuse ourselves about the Difference between Love and Friendship, or assign the precise Limits between

between Esteem and Inclination. The Question in Debate was, which were the handsomest of the two, the lean Women, or the fat? Since I was obliged to choose one of these two Extreams, I resolved to declare myself in Favour of the lean. There happen'd to be a broken Captain in the Company, who began to maintain the opposite Side; but with as much Fury and Eagerness, as if he had been going to engage an Enemy; so that I was forced to raise the Pitch of my Voice to keep up with him. He pretended that there was Grace and Majesty in a fat Woman, which commanded Respect and Adoration from all that saw her: All this I turn'd into Ridicule, and perform'd my Part so happily, that I had all the Laughers on my Side. When it came to my military Man's Turn to jeer the lean, not a Man of us feconded his Raillery. This went to the very Heart and Soul of him. As for me, I expressed myself in the Language of a Conqueror; and I must own to you, that my Vanity was not a little puffed up, with having gained so important a Victory for the lean. My Spark enraged at his Defeat, began at last to be scurrilous, and address'd himself personally to me; but the Company thought it became them in Point of Prudence to put a Stop to the Controversy. They told me that the Captain was a passionate Admirer of a fat Lady, which made him espouse the Interest of all that were in her Circumstances; but this they ought to have inform'd me of before

before by some Sign or other; and as I was not in Love with any lean Woman, I should not have contested the Point with him. It is about fifteen Days ago since this Dispute happen'd; since which Time I have made several Advances to my furious Antagonist, to make him forget this Affair; but he does not seem disposed to hear of any Terms of Accommodation. I suppose by this Means he hopes to ingratiate himself with his Mistress, and that, among other Protestations, he has swore to her by all that is good and sacred, never to forgive the presumptuous Wretch that should think irreverently of a double Chin and a Tunbelly. Yesterday I had engaged to wait upon a pretty young Lady at a certain Hour, when I knew I should have an Opportunity of finding her alone. The Time was just approaching, and my Chairmen being out of the Way, I was forced to trudge it on foot, when passing thro' a narrow Lane, I came full butt upon my Captain, who cry'd out in an angry Tone, 'Slife, Sir, I have not forgot your late fawcy Language; but not having a Minute to lose I answered him with the same Bluntness, and without so much as looking at him, that I was not at Leisure to fight; and so on I march'd, having something else to do. He would have been ravish'd to have had an Opportunity to tilt with me; but to deal plainly with you, I did not think it worth while at that time to go to Loggerheads with him. The Lord knows what will become of this Business;

finess ; but it would be pleasant enough, if our merry Dispute about fat and lean Ladies should bring us two before those worthy Gentlemen the Marêchals of *France*. I am inform'd that my Adversary goes about from House to House, stirring and prepossessing all fat People against me ; and indeed I have observed of late that they look upon me with a very evil Eye. Now, what shall I do, my dear Friend, in so pressing a Danger ? I think I have no other Card left me to play, but to arm all the lean ones in my Defence.

I am,

SIR,

Your most humble,

and most obedient Servant, &c.

LET.

LETTER XVI.

*By the same.*To Monsieur *D'A*—

SIR,

YOU must be obey'd, and therefore I send you a full Account of all that has happen'd at Madam *de L*—'s since she has been a Widow. You must know then, that she is absolutely resolved to have another Husband; but what Sort of a Husband? Why one that is truly, and sincerely in Love with her; for she is afraid the World has Designs upon her Estate rather than her Person. A nice and delicate Distinction I must own! But such a one as her Ladyship ought by no Means to remember at this Time of Day. She is observed in her Discourse to lessen her Estate as much as possible, to hinder her humble Servants from loving her for the Sake of her unrighteous Mammon, and at the same Time she makes her Age less than it is; but it is not in her Ladyship's Power to prejudice either her Estate or her Age; for all the World knows to an Acre and a Month how far they both extend. I wish with all my Heart you was to hear with what Contempt she talks of her Daughter's fine Complexion, whenever she has the least Oc-

Occasion to speak of it. Child, it is not the Lillies and Roses in your Cheeks that you must trust to, those are Trifles of a short Continuance ; but what will make you the longer admired is your Air and Shape, Child. Now what makes her trump up this Distinction ? Why, I must inform you, that the old Lady has still a noble Air, and a very handsome Shape ; but as for her Complexion, it has given her the Slip many Years ago. On the other Hand, the Daughter endeavours all she can to hinder her Mother from marrying again, as it nearly concerns her in Point of Interest so to do, wherefore she uses all her Address to prevent it, and if any Pretender happens to take right Measures to seduce the old Lady, the Daughter immediately throws herself in his Way ; and to draw him from the Pursuit of that Game, displays those never-failing Charms that always attend on Youth and Beauty. This makes the Mother wonderful jealous, which is Plague enough of all Conscience ; for when she is once posseſſ'd with that Devil, she makes as great an Hurricane, and is as difficult to be appeased, as a young Girl of Fifteen. Nevertheless, the Daughter might possibly find herself deceived, if a Man of good Sense was to court her Mother, who without stopping short by the Way, would go and attack her regularly, and resolve not to raise the Siege till he carry'd the Town ; but it happens luckily for her, that the old Lady will

will admit none but young Fellows to address her ; and young Fellows you know, will always be call'd by a young Face. I lately made her uneasy myself ; for I pretended to be mightily in Love with her Mother, who gave me no unkind Reception ; when immediately the Daughter employ'd all her Artifice to make a Diversion. As my Design was only to allarm her, I took care not to fall into the Trap. However, I could not play the Tyrant long ; but have since undeceived her by a Letter which I wrote to her a few Days ago.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient,

and most humble Servant.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

By the Chevalier de Méré.

To Madam ——.

A merry Adventure of an amorous Robber.

MADAM,

I Have taken more Pains than you commis-
sion'd me, in order to send you a genuine
Account of what you are so desirous to be
inform'd of, concerning Monsieur ——
and his Wife. It was really a very odd and
pleasant Adventure, which they met with,
on their Return from the Country, at a
little Inn where they lodged. The Lady,
you know, is very handsome, and of a
sprightly Complexion. In the Evening, a
young Stranger, who was travelling that Way,
entertained her for some Time, and let him
be what he would, he had nothing of the
Air of a Robber; for besides a handsome
Shape, he had a very polite Mein, and seem'd
ambitious of nothing so much as rendering
himself agreeable to her. But how deceitful
are Appearances! This unhappy Youth took
it in his Head to rob them that very Night;
and when the Husband and Wife were retired
to their Chamber, found Means to get in,
notwithstanding they had shut the Door.
There were two Beds in the Room, and as
there

there was no Light, he would have been puzzled to know which to have gone to, had not he been guided by the snoaring of the Husband, who was fast asleep. He therefore advanced softly to that Side, and seizing the poor Lady by the Throat, whispered her in the Ear, that if she made the least Noise, she was a dead Woman, and that he would poind-yard her Husband ; assuring her at the same Time, that he would be satisfy'd with a very little Booty, as a Ring, or a Watch, or some such Trifle. It is agreed on all Hands, that the Lady was more afraid for her Husband than herself, and that this was the Reason which hinder'd her from crying out. She was some Moments in deliberating what to do ; but not being able to come to any Resolution, she was led by meer Instinct to take that Course, which every sensible Woman must have argued herself into ; and this was to mollify the young Robber, and to spend the rest of the Night in caressing him. She was so happy as to succeed in her Project, and about Day-break the Robber retired without either Ring or Watch, and extreamly satisfy'd with the Lady ; when as it unluckily happen'd the Husband wak'd and running after him, seized him by the Collar, and raised a most horrible Outcry. The People immediately run from all Parts of the Inn to know what was the Matter, and all agreed that the Robber deserved an exemplary Punishment, except two holy Fathers of the Order of Saint

Francis,

Francis, who were just come from comforting some religious Sisters ; insomuch that the poor Robber had certainly been a dead Man, had not these two stood his Friends, and rescu'd him from the enraged Husband, who breathed nothing but Revenge. Mean Time the poor Lady who was all good-nature, was so far from shewing any Reluctance to pardon him, that she even took his Part, representing that he was so young, that perhaps he did not so much as know it was a Sin to steal, and that at worst they could only accuse him of the Intention. The good Fathers who wish'd in their Hearts that all the Abbesses in the Kingdom were like her, praised her Generosity to the Skies ; and wrought so powerfully by their Persuasions and Address, that the young Spark got entirely rid of his dangerous Adventure, and pursued his Journey as if nothing had happen'd. I am, MADAM, with the greatest Respect,

Your most humble,

and most obedient Servant, &c.

Mean

F I N I S.

